AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MARCH, 1842.

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF OPHELIA, THE DAM OF CAROLINE SCOTT, GREY EAGLE, Etc.

On Steel, by Dick ofter Troye.

FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF "THE NEW TALE OF A TUB,"
On Wood, by CHILDS, ofter Etchings in the "Bengal Sporting Magazine."

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A fine portrait in oil of Gen. EMORY's celebrated mare Lady Clifden, reached us last week, and will be engraved immediately for this magazine. This portrait is one of the earliest productions of the pencil of Mr. J. W. Owings, of Baltimore, a young gentleman in his eighteenth year, whose taste and rare talent, if aided by care and experience, will not fail to give him an eminent position among the Animal Painters of the day. Several other paintings of Mr. O. are now on exhibition at this office; among others, one of Cayuga Chief—the distinguished trotting horse—in harness, is uncommonly spirited.

Mr. Burford has just completed a very superior portrait in oil, of *Americus*, who is represented in harness, as on the occasion of his match with Lady Suffolk, in which he trotted (before a wagon) five mile heats in the extraordinary time of 13:58—13:58\frac{1}{2}. The 9th mile was performed in 2:47, and the 10th in 2:44\frac{1}{2}—the best time on record.

A very large portrait, 40 by 50 inches, by VILLAMIL, an English artist established in this city, of E. B., Esq., a distinguished "Young Man about Town," on horse-back, has excited much interest. The coloring is unusually fine.

These paintings, with some twenty or thirty more, in oil, and a great number of colored engravings of celebrated horses, etc., are on exhibition at this office, where our friends and subscribers are invited at all times to call and see them. The collection includes original portraits in oil of Harkaway, Bay Middleton, Spaniel, Belshazzar, Hedgford, etc., and a great number of native cracks, such as Eclipse, Wagner, Black Maria, Janette, Shark, Mary Randolph, etc. etc. etc.

"A Leaf of English Turf Statistics" in our next.

The gifted writer, C. A. of D, will consider this his receipt for the subscription of 1842. "Senex" will understand that the same receipt is made out for him also.

The communication of "E." will accompany the portrait.

The "Addenda" to the Stud of Gen. EMORY in our next. Also that of Charles Anderson, Esq.

A large Portrait of *Monmouth Eclipse*, the sire of Clarion, Hornblower, and others, is to be published with the "Spirit of the Times" on the 5th of March, when that paper will enter upon its *Twelfth* volume. It will be followed immediately by portraits of *Grey Eagle*, and of Col. WM. R. Johnson, of Virginia, the "Napoleon of the Turf." The two last engravings. which are in a great state of forwardness, are intended to be the largest and most magnificent specimens of the Fine Arts ever issued by a periodical publication.

No news from the Charleston Races (which commenced on Tuesday, the 26th Feb.) had reached us when the last "form" of the "Turf Register" was sent to press.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

APALACHICOLA, Flo. Frankiin Course, J. C. Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th March.

CAMDEN & PHILA. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th May.

Match, \$2000 a side, Moustache vs. Mr. Long's Priam colt.

COBOURG, U. C. - Newcastle Club, about the 3d Wednesday, 18th May.

FRANKFORT, Ky - Capitol Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.

Mobile, Ala. - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th March.

NEW YORK, - - - Union Course, L. L., J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.

" - - Match, \$20,000 a side, Boston vs. Fashion, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.

" - - - Beacon Course, N. J., the week following the Union Course.

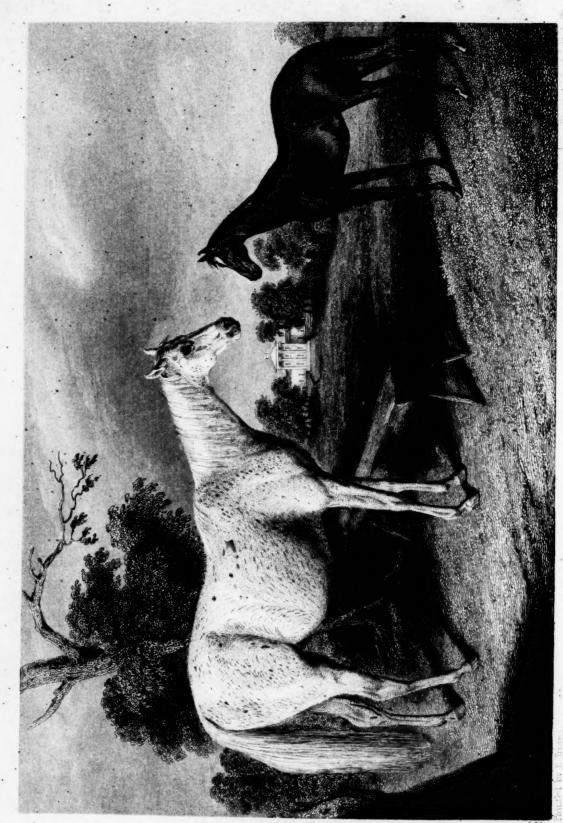
NEW ORLEANS - - Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Weonesday, 16th March.

" - - - Metarie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d March.

SAVANNAH, Ga. - Oglethorpe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th March.

WASHINGTON CITY, National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.





OPERLIA, THE DAM OF GREY BAGGE

OPHELIA,

THE DAM OF CAROLINE SCOTT, GREY EAGLE, SIR ARISS, ETC.

With a Portrait engraved on Steel by Dick, after a painting by TROYE.

The fine portrait of Ophelia we present this month to the readers of the "Turf Register," is one of the happiest productions of Troye's masterly pencil. The original picture was executed for Maj. H. T. Duncan, of Lexington, Ky., the present owner of Ophelia, by whom it was presented to the steamboat "Grey Eagle," one of the most splendid of those floating palaces which throng the Western waters.

Ophelia's produce occupy as distinguished a place in the annals of the Turf as any brood mare in Kentucky; we were furnished some time since with a complete list of it, which is unfortunately mislaid, but in our next number the omission will be supplied. It comprises Caroline Scott by Archy Montorio, (otherwise Archy of Transport,) Sir Ariss by Trumpator, and Grey Eagle by Woodpecker. Caroline Scott was long considered the best performer on the Kentucky Turf, and there is no question that Grey Eagle was the most superior race-horse ever bred West of the Alleghanies. Ophelia is still in the breeding stud, and from the appearance of two of her colts which we saw last Spring at Maj. D.'s, her reputation, high as it is, seems likely to be greatly magnified.

For some time past the obscurity in which Ophelia's pedigree was enveloped has been satisfactorily cleared up, though the circumstance of her producing a race-horse to three or four different stallions sufficiently establishes the fact that she is not only thorough-bred, but that she comes of a pure stock, combining strains of the blood of the most superior racing families of the Olden Time. If Caroline Scott had been Ophelia's only produce, she might have been considered, distinguished as she was, a chance-horse; but after her came Sir Ariss, a respectable performer, and superior to most of his sire's get, and then Grey Eagle, one of the most gallant, honest, hard-bottomed race-horses ever bred in the United States.

While in Kentucky last season we had the pleasure of examining the "title deeds," which established beyond cavil Ophelia's "right, title and interest" to the undisputed possession of the inheritance of Fame bequeathed her by a long line of illustrious ancestors nor has she failed to demonstrate her worthiness to receive it and her ability to support and transmit it, in all its excellence, to her descendants. The "title deeds" referred to comprise certificates of John J. Gracey, Esq., of Columbia, S. C., who bred Ophelia—of Capt. James J. Harrison, of Brunswick County, Va., who bred her dam—of Theodoric Jenkins, Esq., who brought Ophelia to Kentucky, and several others. In connection with this matter we have also a communication from Col. W. C. Beatty, of Yorkville

S. C., giving that of the Wild Medley (for there have been several) who was the sire of Ophelia. These documents are quite too voluminous to give in full, and we therefore, as briefly as possible, recapitulate the facts going to establish, beyond cavil or dispute, the following

Pedigree of Ophelia.—She was got by Wild Medley, her dam by Sir Archy, out of Lady Chesterfield by Imp. Diomed—g. g. dam Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—Cades by Wormsley's King Herod—Primrose by Imp. Dove—Stella by Othello—Gen. Tasker's

Imp. Selima by the Godolphin Arabian.

Capt. Harrison writes, under date of 26th April, 1841, that he "purchased Lady Chesterfield from Ezekiel Dance, Esq., of Chesterfield County, Va., as the best mare in Virginia, after he lost Meretrix, (Virginian's dam); he bred her himself to Sir Archy, and the produce was the bay filly which he sold to his brother, the late Mr. Robert Harrison, who took her to Edgefield District, S. C.," where she was disposed of to Mr. Gracey, in 1824. Mr. G., though "not a breeder of thorough-bred horses, was induced to send his mare to Wild Medley. (He stood for some time at Statesville, Iredell Co., N. C.—so late as in 1825.) The produce was the grey filly (Ophelia) which he sold to Mr. T. Jenkins when 3 yrs.

old, who took her home to Kentucky."

The pedigree of the Wild Medley referred to above, Col. Beatty gives as follows:—"He was got by Mendoza, (otherwise called "Bruiser"—a son of Boxer, and he by Imp. Medley), his dam by Imp. Pensacola." The late Col. John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, Va., certifies Mendoza's pedigree, as being "by Boxer out of Nancy Dawson, the dam of Isabella." [The pedigrees of all these horses may be referred to in the Eng. and Am. Stud Book, Skinner's edition.] In previous volumes of the "Turf Register" are recorded the pedigrees of several Wild Medley's, but Col. Beatty, who is a practical breeder, was familiar with the one which stood in S. C., to whom Ophelia's dam was bred, and having taken considerable interest in this matter, has obligingly furnished his pedigree from records in his possession. Mr. Gracey not being an amateur in thorough-bred stock, and not having charged his memory with facts subsequently established with regard to Wild Medley, etc., has prevented until lately the completion of a chain of circumstantial evidence sufficiently strong to hang any evil disposed person who may undertake to question it!

Ophelia, as her portrait sufficiently indicates, is a fine, blood-like looking brood-mare. The foal by her side, as seen in our illustration, is by Imp. Hedgford, if we do not mistake; at any rate it has plenty of size and is well put up. Previous to our next number we shall doubtless receive a complete list of the produce of this fine

old mare, until which we defer farther notice of it.

NOTES ON MY LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND!

BY AN ENGLISH SPORTSMAN RESIDENT ABROAD.

I INTENDED, Mr. Editor, some time ago, to have offered to you a few remarks on what I had observed when last in England, but having been much of a "Rambler" latterly, delay has accrued; and I am doubtful whether, even now, the ideas and observations which I am pell-mell putting together, will be thought by you worthy

of perusal.

I stopped but a short time in England, last winter, though long enough to take a glance at some of the crack packs of hounds in the Midland Counties, and in comparing the different hounds I have seen, I cannot help saying, that the pack which appeared to me the most business and sporting-like, and, in a word, pleased me best, was the Atherstone, under its excellent master, Mr. Applethwaite. The Belvoir hounds, with justice, are esteemed amongst the first or finest in England, may look more blood-like, or with more of the racer in them (if one can make a comparison), but they cannot possibly be better in the field.

For some few seasons back, the Atherstone have had a continuity of sport, superior to any hounds in England, and without being oversized, there is to my eye a combination of muscle, strength, and activity, taking one hound with another, that pleased me more than anything I met with. There is, besides, a quiet and business-like way of management in the field, which indicates how well master and servants know what they are about, and I never saw

hounds under finer command.

I witnessed one or two very good things with this pack, and had occasion to notice, when it was required, the very quick and decided

manner in which every thing was conducted.

To be quick and decisive with judgment, is the vis anima, or as I once heard it pronounced, the wis wite, of fox-hunting! and when I have, on the first breaking away of our fox, observed this, the "spur in the head," occasionally by some applied and presumed to be worth "two in the heel," becomes quite unnecessary. "Go it, if it kills you," must then be the motto of every man professing to be with hounds, and the only reply to be given to the question halloaed after one when well over a rasper, to "What have you got on the other side?" is, "Got! thank my stars, I have got myself?"

From hence I passed into Northamptonshire, and as it happened, came in for a very fine run from Crick with the Pytchley. In this I was most amply repaid, by observing the skill, ability, and clever perseverance of the present manager of that pack, who, under several disadvantages, viz., a new country, a new pack of hounds, and an indifferent stable of horses, made out and killed his fox in the most masterly manner I ever saw in my life. The first part of this run was very quick, after which it merged into a hunting run,

which afforded a good display of the knowledge and capacity of "the heaven-born huntsman."

It appears to me to have been a great misfortune to this truly sporting country, to have had men, who have hunted it in so magnificent a manner as to make the gentlemen of the country too little dependent upon themselves; indeed, so much so, that last year, for a length of time after Lord Chesterfield gave up the hounds, no one came forward; and it was only at the eleventh hour ultimately arranged that any hunting should take place; and had it not been, (I believe) for the strenuous and ardent exertions of that staunch sportsman, Mr. George Payne, Mr. Hungerford, and others, it is doubtful if there would have been any hunting at all. It would, indeed, have been a sad slur upon Northamptonshire for the "Pytch-

ley "to have been discontinued.

From Northamptonshire into Leicestershire is but a step. same master and pack were in the Quorn Country as in the pre-Without depreciating their individual merits, which ceding year. are "million," I must confess that I never thought either suited to that country. Zeal to show sport, and indefatigable attention, must be fully awarded to Mr. Hodgson, and I heard that he was much liked by the farmers and the country gentlemen; but when one looks back at the time when Tom Smith, Osbaldeston, Sir Bellingham Graham, Sir Harry Goodricke, &c. &c., with their beautiful packs hunted there, the comparison is forcible, and will not bear to be quoted. The hounds, in my opinion, were too large, and the establishment and means not large enough to meet the large ideas of certain gentlemen who occupy a little town in the centre of this country during the hunting season.

In opposition to all this, it was put forth to me in answer, "What would you have? There was nobody else, and besides, Mr. Hodgson is decidedly the best master that has appeared in Leicestershire since the time of old Meynell! for he never takes 'offence.' Now, sir, in a Leicestershire field, it is a difficult thing to avoid

this; but Mr. Hodgson somehow or other managed it."

This pack had gained considerably, in my opinion, by the acquisition of Day, the new huntsman, whom I had previously remarked in Warwickshire, for his quickness and intelligence—besides being an undeniable rider.

I was one day present at a very sharp thing with these hounds from a horse on the Welford Road. It lasted for about twenty minutes as hard as we could go; unluckily the fox came to ground, but not before I had taken occasion to observe the very gallant riding of three or four gentlemen leading, who, curious to say, should

all be called "Captains."

There was Captain Maynard, a very difficult customer in any country; there was Captain Smith of Bitteswell, before named; there was Captain Percy Williams, who is well known, and there was some other captain, all of whom were in the first flight. One ought not to omit a Mr. Dashwood, who apparently liked the company of these captains, and hugged them so very close, that I am happy to hear he has since received promotion to that rank in consequence.

Bengal Sporting Magazine.

PROPAGATION OF GLANDERS BY INFECTION.

In corroboration of my former statements respecting the propagation of this dire disease through the medium of the atmosphere, I beg to submit to the readers of the Sporting Magazine the following extract of a letter from a gentleman in the West of Ireland, who, for upwards of five-and-twenty years, has paid great attention to the nature and treatment of the diseases incidental to horses.

In reference to a conversation which I had with him when last in Ireland, on the questio vexata of the propagation of glanders by infection, he observes: "Mr. Cooper, of the county of Sligo, a gentleman of large fortune, is the person who has his horses infected with glanders. Every particle of the wood-work in the stables, including stalls, rack, manger, &c., was taken down and replaced with new materials. The plastering on the walls was completely removed, and the pavement ripped up, and all was replaced with entirely new work; but the first horses that were again put into those stables became infected, and the stables were ultimately razed to the ground! Indeed so prevalent is the idea of the infectious nature of glanders in this part of Ireland, that I never knew of a gentleman who was so unfortunate as to have his horses glandered that did not either destroy his stables, or convert them into some other purpose, and get new ones built. The opinion here entertained respecting this disease and its ally, farcy, is, that after they are once developed in a shed or stable the infection remains for years."

The writer of the foregoing is a private gentleman; and, in a practical point of view, his views on glanders are, in my opinion, well worthy attention. I have frequently seen his house besieged with the sick horses of the neighboring gentry and peasantry, with their grooms or owners, eagerly seeking his opinion and advice as to the nature and the best method of treating the disease, whatever it might be. If great experience, combined with natural sagacity and quickness of perception, in the Hygiene of horses, entitle their possessor to attention, then the opinion above written merits our best consideration.

I have now to call the attention of the reader to the following startling fact bearing upon this all-important subject, which has just appeared in a French Journal.

COMMUNICATION OF GLANDERS FROM ONE HUMAN BEING TO ANOTHER.

M. Rocher, medical assistant, and one of the externes attached to the Hospital Necker, Paris, had the charge of dressing a patient (a groom) affected with chronic farcy, and then acute glanders, who died last month in that hospital. It had been necessary to dress the patient several times a-day, and M. Rocher, in addition, had examined and noted the case with the most minute attention. M. Rocher also assisted at the examination of the body after death, and held the head fixed while the nasal fossæ were being severed

through: the parts to which M. Rocher's hands were applied were the seat of gangrenous eruption. A short time before the groom's death, M. Rocher had suffered from diarrhœa and colic, but the fatal disease appeared on the night after the autopsy. It commenced with rigors, general pains, and fever; for two days the externe was able to leave his chamber, but on the third day the pains became fixed in the left thigh, right arm, and right side of the chest; they were very severe. On the fifth day, M. Berard (who reports the case) discovered tumors analagous to those of farcy in the thigh and shoulders. The tumor of the shoulder disappeared, but that of the thigh softened, and was opened on the sixth day of the disease: the contents of the abscess was pus mixed with blood. On the same day a horse was inoculated with the matter.

A fresh collection of matter now formed over the right internal ancle, and finally, on the fourteenth day, the skin of the nose became red, hot, and painful; on the following day the redness spread over the cheeks, eyelids, and forehead, and gangrenous phylotenæ with pustules appeared here and there on the red and swollen parts of the visage. The next day a sanguineous fluid was discharged from the nostrils, the whole body became covered with pustules, and the unfortunate patient perished on the sixteenth day of the disease. The horse which had been inoculated also died on the

same day, with all the symptoms of acute glanders.

The above case (says the reporter) proves in the clearest manner that glanders is communicable from one human subject to another. M Rocher did not contract the disease by inoculation; his hands were free from the slightest scratch while he acted as dresser; and while he was employed at the autopsy; besides he always used the precaution of washing his hands after having touched the patient; hence he must have contracted the disease in the same way that small-pox or scarlatina is contracted.

The present case is of much greater interest as connected with public health than as a matter of science, and confirms the propriety of the rule already established by the government, that all glandered horses should be immediately destroyed.—Bull. de l'Acad.

des Sciences Naturelles, Nov. 30, 1841.

This brief history is truly melancholy; and if it does not prove as absolutely as we could wish the infectious nature of glanders, it is another fearful warning—if any more are wanting—of the imminent danger of meddling with glandered animals, brute or human. At all events, the glandered matter should never be allowed to come in contact with the skin, whether it is sound or broken. Long gloves should be worn by those attending horses so diseased.

It is worthy of remark, that plague and small-pox are communicable in two ways—by inoculation and infection. The preceding details would go, in a great measure, to point out glanders as the analogue of these dire complaints.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1842.

December 1, 1841.

Natural Angling,

RIDINGA STURGEON.

Written for the American Turi Register and Sporting Magnaine.

BY "THE OLD COON HUNTER."

FISHING is not the same wild and exciting sport it was when our rivers were untamed, and instead of the subdued and present worn appearance, their banks were pictures of nature in her most romantic and captivating garb; and when the chief charms of divine divertisement consisted of the break-neck adventures and real peril of Now-a-days, woe to them! anglers must fish with quaint bait, recommended by that venerable piscatorial saint, great lzaak; and though they submit to the modern innovation of a generous Limerick hook—the remainder of the tackle must be arranged by the book, and tacitum demeanor is always to be observed, even though they angle under a Niagara; for the sage hath said, that silence in the fisherman is conducive to great success. fastidiousness has, in my opinion, driven the most princely fish from our waters; at least, I can in no wise account for their disappearance, unless these patent draw-out Conroy's, with their thousand yards of gossamer gut, have caused the surprising immigration. Where now can we snare the vigorous rock-fish, or the tasty and gentlemanly trout of a dozen pounds weight?-All gone! and it has really come to pass that fifty pounds of small-fry taken in one ramble at some breeding place, is a capture astonishing to boys, and talked of for a week at least.

Belton Tinkerbottom was the last fisherman of the old sort whom I knew, and he was a hook well tied on. I saw him in our last excursion draw in a thirteen pounder with "a love of a reed" cut by my own hands—selected from a million on Hampton's Island, and a line twisted by his own skill, with a grace that would have taught a nibble or two to the patent spring-pole gentry of the present times. He did it in native American style, which was of course original, and methought when his line whistled in the eddying circles of Coher's dashing currents, that the river-gods, who dwelt thereabouts, must have been in trepidation lest their peculiar divinity should not entirely protect them from the skill of the sturdy

angler.

There are many angling stories told about Tink, but the best came under my own observation. Even at the risk of prolixity I must favor you with it:—We were just ready to leap into our little dug-out, with lines all properly measured and tied on, when, after admiring the first Limerick hook he had ever beheld, it was transferred to his mouth for safe keeping until we should reach "trout-

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pond," a beautiful eddy between two sluices in Cohers, which, good reader, is a romantic shoal in Broad River, South Carolina. stumbled, his foot pressed the rod, and before he could regain an upright position he was hooked most endearingly through his right cheek. Jim Henderson had tied on that hook and he would not permit me to cut it loose from the line, for he said he was determined to fish with that hook; and of course as there was no chance of further sport in his being both bait and angler, I was forced at his request to cut it out of his cheek, which operation I performed with my old jack-knife, and with such surgical grace that we made a glorious day's sport, and though he was the largest fish caught by that hook, it carried the take-in deep amongst the finny patriarchs on that occasion—and it contributed but little to lessen his beauty, for Tinkerbottom's mouth was the best natured feature in the world, and never was known to object to dilation in any manner whatever. after this occurrence he was hooked by Father Time, who once in a while hunts up even anglers, and is now, I sincerely hope, revelling amid the wonders of the strange waters to which he has been translated, or perhaps is discussing with the aforesaid St. Izaak

the comparative merits of natural and artificial fishing. The immediate predecessor of Tinkerbottom was Honyuckle Hallman, who was still more natural in his warfare on the finny tribe. Catting was his great forte, and the needle fins saw perfect sights the days he thought proper to invade their domains. caught cats to please his wife, and extenuated the awful crime in those days by saying, "Sally loves cat-fish, but I love shad," and always insisted that "a man who wished all his fellow-warmints well would only eat fish in the shad season," and as for perch, brim, and sich like, Honyuckle would as soon have been caught eating mud-suckers or pond-roaches. He would condescend to fish for rock and trout, as he said they had a gentlemanly flutter, and tried honestly to save their lives. He lived for the shad season and angled for sport alone, and to see him hook a magnificent rock-fish with his long float-line-to mark his varying countenance, and to judge of his excitement by the velocity with which he rolled the quid in his cheek, was enough of the sport for an observer. might have noted a thousand attitudes before he finished his capture. Honyuckle never went on the principle of satiety; one rockfish was enough, and when that one was secured, like "old Washington," (the soubriquet of an aged eagle who frequented this part of the river) he retired from Cohers. Another favorite diversion of Honyuckle's was spearing sturgeon as they lay on their pebble beds among the shallows, during the warm days in the month of May; in fact, this was whale fishing in miniature, with all its excitement attended with some peril, for frequently the pierced fish would dart off with such velocity that his canoe would be upset; and amongst the rapids of Cohers, with a boat fastened to a sturgeon, that circumstance is not altogether as funny as some might suppose. But in time sturgeon grew shy or wise, or perhaps the water was not sufficiently clear in the proper season for him to see them, and Honyuckle pined away; he grew morose, and waited for the next season

with hope, anticipating that some change would manifest itself in February, March and April, glorious the realm of sturgeon-dom. season of shad flew by, and each day found him with his nets among the shoals, wind or rain, as regularly insinuating his skill amongst the salt water visitors, as "old Washington" and his white headed partner went to the raft of drift-wood in the middle of the river, from whence they generally picked up their daily rations of dead fish and

terrapins.

Though moderate success always attended his efforts he grew moodier as the spring tide brightened, and frequent spells of the "blue dipper" gave his wonted communicativeness a singular feature of interest. Speaking of success, Honyuckle was no "water-haul" man,—he was a perfect seducer of fish, and it was the belief of the honest Dutch in that neighborhood that he could charm them, owing to certain secret powers by him alone possessed. If the "greenhaired maiden of the sea" could wile the Spanish mariner to-

> " Isles that lie, In farthest depths of Ocean; girt with all Of natural wealth and splendor-jewelled isles, Boundless in unimaginable spoils That earth is stranger to,"

with a voice "like the winds among a bed of reeds" Honyuckle in his turn enchanted the water divinities, and his achievements with rod and line always scattered grief in the realms below, even if it was not agreeable to the scaly captives. Settled melancholy begets peevishness in meditative minds; and Sally's ingenious inquiries The clack of his mill failed to extract the cause of his gloom. seemed to knock this unusual feature deeper into his soul every

day, and he scored and tolled a thoughtful man.

May-day, in the South, you have enjoyed, my dear Porter, but as you have never seen Cohers, with its sparkling sluices flashing in the warm and mellow sun-light—the ancient wave-worn rocks, on which the heron race in light-blue and snow-white garbs delight to rest 'mid their aquatic wanderings, the green islands with clustering vines bending to the water's edge, and casting shadows of fairylike greeting on the tide beneath, with cliffs rising abruptly from the shore, crowned with the flax-colored shoots of the late-springing hickory, standing like a green pine-forest in the rear; and below this, on a level almost with the water, is a little forest kingdom, yet another realm of nature, comprising the beautiful river Laurel, the dwarf cedar, the stinted river-ivy, and the thorny leaved holly with its red berries still unshed, and contrasting with beautiful effect its green foliage, forming a sheltering covert, and letting in just enough sunshine to keep the prickly cactus, the creeping perriwinkle, and other modest daughters of the floral kingdom-from languishing. As you have never enjoyed this scene of enchantment, you will pardon my asserting it kindred to magic, because it was the first impression which invaded the "bad humor" of Honyuckle. All this was goose-grease to his discontented soul, and it

"Called up sweet fancies from his pliant hope, And stir'd the languid spirit into life, Surveying the blue waters and his home."

He saw the fish leaping from the bright river, the skimming swallows fluttering o'er its shining surface; he looked up at the blue sky, "old Washington's" savage scream arrested his attention, and high up, poised upon the air, with his bald pate glittering like a jewelled crown, and the grey down of his pinions reflecting the beams of the morning sun in brilliant effulgence, he marked with admiration the rapid whirl of the old patriarch of Cohers, who, darting downwards like a stream of light headlong into the foaming surf beneath, vanished for a moment; then emerging, rose heavily from the bed of the river, and flapping his wet wings, with a glittering prize in his talons, sailed slowly towards his time-honored

and uninvaded evry.

Honyuckle's gloom relaxed—there was no straining for contentment visible in his countenance, and he sallied forth, trout rod in hand, once more to enjoy his accustomed sport. On foot he entered the river, and picking his path among the rapids, now wading a rapid sluice to the depth of his waist, now leaping from rock to rock; and anon peering into the chrystal waters, as was his custom when on a piscatorial scout, he suddenly seemed transfixed, his body became motionless, and he stood as firm as if his brawn had been moulded from the enduring granite on which his form rested. Beneath him in the waves lay a large sturgeon, unconscious that the foe of his race was so near; but the deadly sturgeon-spearer was unarmed, and his usually eager excitement was tempered There lay the fresh water monster, and the more into admiration. Honyuckle looked at him the ruddier grew the crimson glow of the scales on his sides in the sunny water. In the red gills, opening with the regular breathing of the fish, he saw proper reins to hold by,

> And a thought, for a deed, Cast him on the water steed!

Slapping his hands into the gills of the sturgeon, who, not relishing this obstruction to his respiration by poking straws into his side nostrils, instantly contracted them, and having thus secured his rider, darted with the rapidity of fright down the rocky and jagged sluice. A few flights and the shallows were passed; at one time Honyuckle's head might have been seen, and then he was quickly drawn below the water, and thus alternately hope and despair agonized or cheered his wife, who stood sole witness of the scene After traversing with the rapidity of lighton the distant shore. ning the downward course of the river, several hundred yards, one hand of the drowning man was released, and the water was violently lashed by the tail of the infuriated sturgeon, who now, instead of keeping a straight course, circled round several times, still dragging Honvuckle by his side. His left hand had become entangled in the throat or gills of the powerful fish, and the sturgeon became incommoded by the broad hand of Honyuckle; round and round they went, the prisoner having only a chance now and then to gasp for breath,

was tremendously thumped by the lashing of the sturgeon's tail. At this period of the melee the blood from the torn cartalego of the throat was ejected with great force, and the red tide of life mingled with the agitated water; another struggle and conqueror and victim floated side by side on the surface of the river. Another ineffectual attempt to free himself and the last flutter of the dying sturgeon, faint and weak as he was, threw them on a low rock, and he was thus providentially rescued from the death which so imminently threatened him. His wife leaped into a canoe and rowed hastily to him, to give whatever succour was in her power, and when he was released from the dead fish it was ascertained that his wrist was severed to the bone; his body was covered with contusions, and his legs were terribly lacerated by the tail of the bruiser.

This adventure cured Honyuckle of grieving after the scarcity of sturgeon, and though he continued a devotee of the rod to his dying day, he always avoided the scene of his ride.

Pomaria, S. C., January 16th, 1842.

GOOD HINTS TO TURFITES—AND GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the Bengal Sporting Magazine.

SIR,-I am an old resident in India, and although not exactly a racing man myself, find constant amusement and salutary exercise by frequenting the race course. I am surprised to find that the average price of Arab horses, is at Calcutta, nearly double that of Bombay, and I have lately heard that many sportsmen import batches from that port, rather than purchase them from the Dhurrumtollah A horse, wholly untried, and too often perfectly worthless as a racer, now commands a price ranging from 2,500 to 3,500 rs.; and a man may purchase a dozen such before he has even the remotest chance of finding a Fieschi, a Chusan, or a Sweetlips.

So that the Arabs alone, of most of the racing stables, have cost from 40 to 60,000 rs.; and a racer, with a fair chance of winning the Maiden, may be considered as having cost his owner about, but not under, 10,000 rs.! How many are there who can afford to race

on such terms?

There is, to be sure, if uninjured during his trials, a sale for rejected horses, for the Arab dealers will sometimes take them back at 1000 rs. each! nay, I have known them give 1,500! The object of my letter is to draw the attention of racing men to a sure mode of bringing the dealers to their senses, with a saving to the pockets of turfites.

It is hardly necessary to remind them that the private studs, formerly producing such excellent running in the upper provinces, have gradually, and almost completely disappeared. Probably not 50 thorough-breds are produced above Cawnpore, within the year,

-perhaps not half that number.

But this, let it be remembered, has been caused by the constant preferences given to Arabs; and as the evils thereby engendered are now strongly felt, the remedy should be quickly applied; and it is easy to discover it. Experience has proved, however, that a good Arab horse is fully equal to about 999 out of a thousand country-breds; and if this be admitted there are strong reasons why

they should not carry less weight, as they now do.

On the other hand, it is clear that they should, and could carry equal weights. Admit therefore country-breds on equal terms, and greatly reduce the weights of both. The racing weights of India are ridiculously too high to admit of first-rate performances. It is notorious that it is almost madness to enter such English horses (5th or 6th raters) as are generally procurable by India sportsmen, at the present enormous weights. Painful and ruinous accidents are constantly happening; or else we see with disgust, that owing to the shameful burthen imposed, a noble English horse, after straining every nerve, comes in some 40 or 50 lengths behind a puny Arab immeasurably his inferior! Keep English horses entirely out of such false positions. Let a handsome cup with high entrances, be given for imported English horses. Do the same for Cape breds, or lower their weights, for they also run under great disadvantages.

Agree to this, and I shall immediately address the Sporting Gentlemen of Yankeestan; and this day year, I pledge myself to have done my best to get up a cup for American horses; and I calculate I'll show Jonathan, the propriety of going ahead! Tell me, shall I address my old friend the President? Another thing that I should insist on, would be a cup for Calcutta, Ghazeepore, Cawnpore and Meerut of 2000 rs. each, from government, for stud-bred horses; and then you would see good, humane racing, at all the principal stations of India, and the Arab at his proper price, that is to say from 1000 to 1500 rs. I shall recommend this to government, and the moment they read it they will cordially agree to the proposal of Yours distinctly,

Race Stand, Calcutta, 2d Meeting.

VADE-MECUM OF FLY-FISHING FOR TROUT.*

BY G. P. R. PULMAN.

The object of the writer of this interesting little volume, says the editor of *The Sportsman*, is to diffuse useful information in a plain unvarnished form, in that branch of the art of angling which is universally admitted to be the most pleasing and scientific. The work, although got up in an unassuming style, will be read with interest by all lovers of the gentle craft, and we strongly recommend it to the younger disciples of old Izaak in particular, as the chief know-

^{*} London, 1 vol. 18 mo.

ledge required by a skilful angler is a thorough acquaintance with the food and habits of the fish he wishes to catch, which subject our author has very ably illustrated.

We have given Mr. Pulman's observations on "the rod and tackle" at length as the best guarantee of our approbation of his "little work," and are mistaken if the useful hints therein contained do not oblige our readers generally to purchase the book.

A description of the fly-fisher's rod and tackle—his "harness," as it is called by Dame Juliana Berners. By-the-bye, it is something for us anglers to say, and before commencing we cannot help noticing the circumstance, that the very first who wrote on our art was a female—the pious and good old English lady just mentioned; one, too, the most learned and accomplished of her time; and it is gratifying to think that it is "still used as an out-door recreation by some of the most intellectual ladies in the land." Nor can we, so great is our respect for, and admiration of, the sex, and such is our anxiety for the extension of the art, refrain from indulging in a quotation from Fitzgibbon on this very subject :- "If," says he, "in our in-door amusements, our thoughts, words and actions, are refined by the presiding companionship of females, we ought to do all that lies in our power to attract them to accompany us, and to participate in those field enjoyments which seem most adapted to the tasteful texture of their minds, and to the delicate structure of their persons." Upon this we have not space to comment—and it is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, for with the ladies we are unhappily

"No orator, as Brutus is,"

and therefore could hardly hope to add anything to its effect. We return at once to our humble department.

When you are choosing a fly-rod, indulgent reader, dismiss every idea of a waggon-whip, and remember that the stiffer it is, in reason, the greater power will it possess. A good rod does not begin to ply till about the middle—and there but very little—increasing upwards in proportion with the gradual tapering. Willow, hickory, and bamboo cane, or lancewood, are, in our opinion, the only species of wood that should enter into the construction of a fly-rod; the latter, for the top-joint, can be made of sufficient thinness at the point to dispense with the whalebone. The butt should be hollowed for the reception of an extra top-joint, obviously a very great convenience. The advantages of a spike to screw into its base, are too apparent to need comment. The fewer pieces a rod consists of the better; three or four will be found the best and most convenient As to the mode of joining them, we deem the common plan far preferable to that of screw-ferrules, which render the rod heavy, and, what is far worse, are apt to get out of repair. In our humble opinion, fly-rods, for the generality of trout-streams, are usually made too large and too long. A moderately stiff rod of eleven feet possesses infinitely greater power than a pliable one of fourteen feet in length; in fact, the latter has no power at allits peculiar properties are to tire the arm in using, and cause entanglement to the line. The disadvantages of a long and flexible

rod are well known to us, for it was once our misfortune to be the proprietor of one; its original cost was thirty shillings, and right glad were we to exchange it with a friend for a ten shilling one, not much above half its size, but which, for power and general excellence, we never saw equalled; he, however, was well pleased

with the exchange—so were we—very.

To a certain extent out of curiosity, but more especially for the benefit of those who think eleven feet too short, and dislike our notions of a rod, we subjoin the advice of a brace of old writers on the subject, which, perhaps, they may the more readily fall in with. Cotton, the friend of the piscatorial son of our arch-patriarch, Izaak, says, that "for the length of your rod you are to be governed by the breadth of the river you intend to angle at." Very good, but mark what follows:—" For a trout-river, one of five or six yards long is commonly enough; and longer it ought not to be, if you wish to fish at ease, and, if otherwise, where lies the sport?" Sure enough! In the name of goodness, what sport can be more easy, pleasant, and agreeable than that of flogging the water for a whole day with a rod eighteen feet long? Truly, we are a puny, degenerate race; why, modern rods would hardly have answered for riding switches for even the ladies of the "olden time." She of whom so honorable mention has been made at the commencement of this chapter the ancient sporting dame we mean—was herself accustomed to use (and she advised others to do the same) a rod full fourteen feet long; it was composed of three pieces, the joints of which were bound round with long hoops of iron; the butt was a "fayre staffe, of a fadom and a half longe, and arme-grete," that is, the size of one's arm; the whole making a weight, remarks Fitzgibbon, far too ponderous for the muscles of us degenerate modern males; and Miss Juliana herself must have been a lady of powerful "thews and sinews," not very much macerated by prayer and fasting, prioress of a nunnery though she was.

We have yet said nothing about the rings of the rod through which the line passes from the reel; they certainly demand some attention. It is not only of consequence that the rings themselves be brazed neatly and strongly, but also that the metallic loops by which they are fastened to the rod be of a good material; small brass and copper wire is the best for the purpose. The rings on the butt should be rather larger than those at the other extremity. The binding of the loop of brass with which the top of the rod is terminated should be whipped neatly over with fine wire, in order to prevent it being cut by the friction of the line thereon; that from the

silver string of the violin or violoncello may be used.

Extremely partial are we to black rods. Some may think us fastidious, but we cannot believe that what we are about to say is "all a hum," namely, that yellow varnished rods are very likely to scare the fish in using, particularly if the sun be at all inclined to shine. One thing, however—and it is important—must be said in favor of light varnish; it renders visible all knots and other imperfections in the wood, to conceal which it is more than possible black varnish is sometimes daubed on; the eye of sciunity can, notwithstanding, penetrate it.

A three-joint rod of the description we have endeavored to give, and London made, may be purchased for about twenty-five shil-

lings; a four-joint one for thirty.

To preserve the rod it should be occasionally rubbed over with linseed oil, and varnished at least once a year. The best we know of for the purpose, is that recommended by the Rev. W. B. Daniel, which is thus prepared:—Shell lac and seed lac, a quarter of an ounce each, finely powdered and put into separate phials, with a quarter pint of spirits of wine; to be placed in a sand heat and shaken often till dissolved. When each is dissolved mix them together, in a bottle sufficiently large, with a quarter ounce of gum benjamin. Increase the heat and the dregs will subside. Warm the wood, and, with a camel hair brush, lay on a thin coat.

As from the wrist proceeds the chief action in the process of throwing the line, it is obvious that the choice of the rod should be influenced by the strength or weakness of that joint. What may be a stiff and cumbersome rod to one man, may exactly suit another of stronger muscle; and the same rod tried by a third person possessing still greater strength, may handle light and airy as an enchanter's wand, and therefore will be to him, comparatively speaking, powerless. A person may ascertain by a single cast whether the rod he handles be adapted to him. If it be under his command, the force communicated by his wrist in wielding it will be felt to the very point of the line, and the fly there will alight upon the water quiveringly and insect-like. If otherwise, the spring required in the impulsion of the rod will be so neutralized by the overweight of the latter, that it will not be communicated to the line, which in consequence, will be sent out solely by the motion of the rod, without any control of the wrist, and will always fall in an ungoverned and slovenly manner. As to the terms stiff and pliable, as employed in the preceding chapter, we may remark that a rod which droops by its own weight, when held in a horizontal position, as much as six inches, may be considered as deserving the latter; and one which, with the line out, deviates no more than an inch or so, is as much the other way that it could be managed only by a person of unusually powerful wrist.

With the line the same adaptation to the rod must be observed as we have seen to be so essential in that of the rod to its wielder. The stiffer and shorter is the rod, the heavier and stouter must be the line, and vice versa. The line should taper with almost the same mathematical precision as the rod. As the rod will only throw its proper proportion of line, all beyond that length, which will remain wound on the reel, in reserve for the event of playing a powerful fish, may be of one uniform size. If, therefore, the tapering of a five-and-twenty-yard line commences about its middle, it will be quite soon enough. It is of the greatest importance that the line be brought to such a degree of thinness as to cause no disturbance on the water in using. The lines composed of horse-hair and a small portion of silk, interwoven together, are undoubtedly the best kind. Some lines are made entirely of each of these materials, but the objections to them are many. The silk line too

readily imbibes the water, by which it becomes over heavy, and remains long wet, which causes it to rot speedily. On the other hand, the hair line is in general too light, and therefore not adapted for throwing against the wind; it is, also, from not being sufficiently pliable, apt to kink in using. As a certain degree of elasticity is required in the line, the intermixture with the hair of the material of opposite quality—silk, brings it to the proper pitch. lines composed entirely of hair are seldom sufficiently strong at the point, when spun to the necessary thinness. Anglers who use this sort of line generally reject the extreme end, substituting a "point," or "bottom," as it is called, which is sold for the purpose, and made of silk and hair; or, what is unquestionably better, silkworm gut, which may be twisted with quills, in the way that school-boys make lines of hair. For ordinary trouting twenty-five yards of line are sufficient; but in rivers that are occasionally visited by salmon -in which case, also, the tackle should be stouter than would otherwise be advisable—forty yards are recommended. As it was once our fortune to be convinced of the advantage derivable from the adoption of such precautions, we beg attention to these latter remarks. The color of the line is a matter of little consequence. White we deem least perceptible; light-green, however, and pepper-andsalt color, are considered by some to be preferable. It is imagined, and perhaps with reason, that certain stained lines, from some property of the dye, become quickly rotten. Lines of bay horsehair and white silk intermingled is the favorite sort of many. not, we think, generally known that nothing rots horse-hair sooner than oil, which liquid is sometimes applied to lines under the mistaken notion that it has qualities of an opposite nature. younger days we once did so ourselves, when laying up our tackle at the end of the season; on resuming it the following spring, we had the gratification to see the first large fish we hooked walk off with some three or four yards of line—collar and flies also, of course.

The very best patent silk-and-hair lines are sold at the rate of about fourpence per yard; those of a more common description, but

still good, may be had at a quarter that price.

We shall now treat of the reel, about which much difference of opinion exists. While some are staunch advocates for the common sort, others on the contrary, esteem the multiplier as the ne plus ultra of improvement. Some there are, too, who like the addition of the clik; others, censuring this, approve very much of the stop; both which, in our opinion, are superfluous. The chief advantage urged in favor of the multiplying reel is the velocity with which it winds up the line; now, if under all circumstances, it would wind with equal facility, its superiority would be unquestionable; but it does not—it is with difficulty made to revolve at all when a fish pulls, or a weight is attached to the end of a long line. Many a speckled beauty that still retains its life and freedom would have long since graced an angler's pannier but for the imperfection of the multiplying winch. The common reel is objected to from the slowness with which it turns. Notwithstanding this, we almost prefer the simple movement, even on the old plan, to the complex multiplier; and when applied to a differently shaped frame than usual we mean much narrower, but of greater circumference, as recommended by Mr. Ronalds—it approaches much nearer to the desideratum than anything we have ever seen. Our own is nearly three inches in diameter outside, and but half an inch wide; it will hold twenty-five yards of line, or more, is of extremely neat appearance, and very light. Within a few years some other plans have been introduced in reel making, but we have been unable to discover in them any improvement deserving notice. The reel should be fixed to the rod about three inches from the butt end, and in a direct line with the rings. There are two principal methods—one requires a ring, or hoop, at the back of the reel, to encircle the butt, and is kept tight by a screw; the other, in place of a hoop, has a plate of brass to fit into a groove, which must be cut to receive it in the butt; two light circlets of brass, or leather, drawn tightly over, keep the reel firm.

As to the price of reels, a good multiplier is worth almost any money; one of the simple movement, on the old plan, of the size to contain twenty-five yards of line, may be had for less than three shillings; but with contracted frame a shilling or two extra are

charged.

The lowermost part of the line, we mean that to which the flies are attached, is made of gut, and bears the several names of collar, foot-line, casting-line, and gut-link. It is composed of a series of lengths of silk-worm gut, which should be of good quality, and not, as it often is, the coarsest and worst. Its length must depend upon the quality of power of the rod, and degree of tapering of the line with which it is to be used. That no more than due proportion of collar be employed is highly important to correct casting. the line, instead of going out smartly and straight, bags, and falls loosely upon the water, it is by reason of the smaller extremity being too much of one uniform size—a defect easily removed by shortening the collar. There will occur few cases in which more than four yards or less than two yards of gut will be required. On this point, however, in common with many others of our subject, so much must be left for the exercise of the sportsman's own judgment, that nothing but a broad rule can be laid down.

In making a collar, care should be taken to fit the lengths, that the whole may taper uniformly. Two stout pieces are first to be tied together; two of the next size smaller follow, and so on gradually lessening to the bottom end, the last yard of which should be fine and round. At the point is to be fastened the stretcher—as the foremost fly is termed—by means of a knot, the same as that by which the lengths of gut forming the collar are joined. This is called the old angler's, or the slip-knot, which, though so simple as to be learned on witnessing a single performance of the operation, would occupy too much space to describe. If but a single dropper be fished with, it should be placed two-thirds the way up the collar: when more than two flies are used, the distance between them should be equal. As to the mode of fastening the drop-fly, the modern neat and simple plan of inserting the gut to which it is at-

tached within the slip-knot of the collar should, and doubtless soon will, supersede the clumsy and inconvenient loop. Many anglers are in the habit of using more than three flies at a time, a practice which we by no means uphold. In summer, when the weeds are usually very high, we dispense with a dropper altogether, and use only a single fly at the point. To this custom we owe the preservation of many a collar and fly, much freedom from entanglement of line and breaking of rod, and above all, frequent captures of many a yellow-sided spanker, whose retreat, by reason of densely surrounding weeds, was inaccessible to all collars carrying more than a single temptation. That the bob-flies, when used, may not easily become twisted about the collar, they should be tied to stiff and rather stout gut, not longer than two inches for the first or three inches for the others. Instead of connecting the line and collar by means of loops, as is almost universally done, we have long used a much neater and more expeditious method. At the end of the line we fasten a piece of strong gut, to which the collar may be attached by a slip-knot whenever required for service; the disunion may be instantly effected by application of the teeth or a knife. A new piece of gut can be had as often as necessary; with care a long link will afford a great many things. At the conclusion of every fishing excursion, the collar should be evenly coiled over the extended fingers, and deposited in the pocket of the fly-book, and-though it can hardly need mention-ought never to be wound with the line upon the reel.

Gut, one of the most useful articles in the angler's catalogue, is the production of the silk-worm. It is manufactured from the male insect in a state of decomposition: Italy and Spain furnish the chief supply. An inferior kind of gut is made from the sinews of herons and other birds, and also from the fibres of certain plants. This latter sort is used by the fishermen of the Archipelago, to catch mullet and other fish; it is likewise employed by some salmonfishers in our own country—animal gut, however, is infinitely superior. When gut, by frequent using, becomes worn and frayed, the application of a piece of India-rubber will at once renovate it. Gut is sold in skeins consisting of a hundred threads in each. Of course there is vast difference in its quality, but in general very fair fly-gut may be purchased at about three shillings per skein. In choosing gut, select those threads which are clear and round, re-

jecting all that are flat and dull colored.

Now for a few words about hooks. We have tried, first and last, almost every kind of hook that is made; sneck-bend, Redditch, Limerick—aye, O'Shaughnessy's genuine Limerick—but we never found any, for hooking a fish readily and holding it firmly, equal, or anything like equal, to the Kendal Kirby-bend; these, therefore, we feel pleasure in recommending. After them we prefer the Redditch hook. The sneck-bend hooks are much extolled by many, and we confess we begin to have a sort of regard for them, having lately seen some excellent specimens from the Kendal manufactory. As to the Limericks, we have tried in vain to discover the peculiar and almost miraculous qualities imputed to them by some anglers;

and we join Mr. Stoddart in pronouncing them "heavy, clumsy, and in shape detestable." We must not be understood to refer to any other than the smaller sizes used for trout flies: those for salmon-fishing, every body agrees, are almost perfection. In the Kendal hook we find sharpness of point, lightness, excellence of temper, and a barb and bend which all who understand the subject must admit are most suitable for hooking and holding fish. What more then, in the name of Izaak, can be required? The largest size Kendal hook is No. 12, the smallest No. 00; the Redditch number oppositely—from No. 12, the smallest, down to No. 1, the largest size. Numbers 2, 3, and 4, Kendal, or 9, 10, 11, Redditch, are the most useful sizes; smaller we never use—they do not, nor can they be expected to hold well. So much for the hook.

Here we would advise and caution the inexperienced—and. whatever may be the imputed motive, on the honor of an angler we do so conscientiously-against cheap tackle of all kinds. If you use it on the ground of economy, you will certainly find yourself deceived—it will prove, longo intervallo, just the reverse; you will have occasion to be always buying, and will be constantly losing fish through its defects. If it cost little, it must be of inferior quality: good materials and good workmanship cannot be obtained for a trifle, and a few shillings extra bestowed on best articles cannot be extravagant, when the advantages to be derived are taken into con-Bear in mind, that the honesty of puffers is always questionable; that if their articles merited notice they would require no obtrusive means to obtain it. Every tradesman—a puffer deserves not so respectable a title-well knows that "deeds, not words," gain reputation, and he allows his goods to speak for themselves in a language which will not fail to receive the attention it so well deserves.

The selection of the "osier creel," the landing-net, the fly-book, and other remaining necessaries, we leave to the taste and judgment of the purchaser. A bright and burning summer's day—burning, in almost its literal sense—is this on which we are writing the conclusion of this section; be it known unto thee, beloved pupil, that a welcome flask of lemonade has just been placed before us, of which, with a view to our own refreshment, and with hearty wishes for your health and future success, we quaff a hissing, sparkling, brimming bumper!

THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS have had but poor sport during the past month. One novelty in the History of the British Chace, connected with these hounds, is worthy of record; namely, that a meet was appointed at a Railroad Station, and that an extra train was put on to accommodate the sportsmen!

London (New) Sporting Magazine for Jan. 1842.

GREY MEDOC AND ALTORF'S RACE,

OVER THE LOUISIANA COURSE, NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 20, 1841.

For the gratification of a number of subscribers who have expressed a desire to see the details of the extraordinary performance of *Grey Medoc* and *Altorf* placed on record, in the pages of the "Turf Register," with those of Eclipse and Henry, Flirtilla and Ariel, Grey Eagle and Wagner, and other cracks, we copy from "Bell's Life in London," of the 26th Dec. last, a report written for that popular organ of the British Sporting World, by the Editor of this Magazine. Mr. Dowling, the Editor of "Bell's Life," introduces our report to his readers in the following terms:—

"The great pressure of matters connected with our English Turf, and other events of a temporary nature, must form an apology for the omission of this most acceptable communication till the present moment, and we now seize the opportunity of not only expressing our best acknowledgments to the Editor of the New York 'Spirit of the Times,' to whom we are indebted for this graphic description of what he justly terms 'the best race ever run in America,' but also for his kind contribution of one of the plates of Grey Medoc, which we have deposited in our sporting archives, and which we shall be happy at all times to submit to the inspection of our friends."

To the Editor of "Bell's Life in London" :-

Sir: I improve the opportunity offered by the visit to England of a sporting acquaintance, to send you one of the "plates" worn by Grey Medoc, the winner, in March last, of what has been termed "the best race ever run in America!" Knowing full well that Bell's Life is read wherever the English language is spoken, and that its "Nunquam dormio" applies to whatever of peculiar interest to the Sporting World may occur in either hemisphere, I have taken the liberty to transmit, as an envelope of the "pump" referred to, or rather as a "fetter-press illustration" of the "plate," a report of the race itself. Should your crowded columns admit of it, I need not add that its publication would very highly gratify thousands of your transatlantic readers, while many of those at home may not be uninterested to know that the stock of the English thorough-bred horse has not deteriorated nor "suffered a sea change" upon being imported into the United States.

I have witnessed nearly all the great performances on our Turf for several years past, but never have I seen a race more desperately contested or more gallantly won. Indeed I doubt if it ever will be my good fortune to see such another achievement; and much do I regret that want of ability, not less than leisure, prevents my doing justice to a race that will occupy the most distinguished place in the Racing Calendar, and go down through all time as one of the most magnificent exhibitions on record of the surpassing speed and

game of the High Mettled Racer of America.

The race came off over the Louisiana Course, at New Orleans,

on the 20th March, 1841. This course, like the Aintree, at Liverpool, is nearly in the form of a parallelogram, having straight parallel sides of a quarter of a mile, with semi-circles of the same length—it is precisely a mile in length, measuring three feet from the inner palings. The weather was fine, and the ground favorable; I must premise, however, that we have nowhere in this country the velvet sward of Newmarket or Heaton Park to run over, our sand "tracks" presenting to a veritable John Bull the appearance of a smooth road! The stands overlooking the course were crammed with spectators, while the "field" was thronged with carriages and equestrians, though the scene fell far, very far, short of Ascot on "the Cup Day," or upon the occasion of any of your great events at Doncaster or Goodwood; still we Brother Jonathans

regarded it as "pretty considerably animated."

The race was for a purse of One Thousand Dollars, offered by the Jockey Club, for four mile heats. The entries were, Mr. Campbell's Altorf, a son of Imp. Fylde, 5 yrs., 110lb.; Mr. Boardman's imported colt Denizen, a son of Actaon, 4 yrs., 100tb.; and the Messrs. Kenner's Grey Medoc, a native bred horse, 5 yrs., 110th. The latter being well known as one of the speediest horses on our Turf, and in condition to run for a man's life, was backed freely at 3 and 4 to 1 against the field. Altorf, a capital performer in Virginia, where \$10,000 were paid for him, had lost ground since his arrival at the South, from having run several races out of order. He had lately arrived, too, from Mobile, and suffered much from exposure in a stormy passage across the Lake, as also had Denizen. Alterf and Denizen were both low in flesh—not up to the mark for a bruising race—still, their race to-day quite eclipses any previous performance, brilliant as they have been, and adds an amount to their value to which the purse itself is no parallel. The Sporting World has been in the dark as to Grey Medoc's speed-highly as it was appreciated—and still more so with regard to his unflinching, thorough game. It is within my knowledge that a few weeks previous to his tremendous race with Bee's-wing, in which he ran her up to 7:38, he run a mile trial with his shoes on and his weight up, over a deep training course, in 1:50, after galloping two miles in 2:10 and 2:00. His trainer, Mr. Graves (and there is no better one in the country), has assured me over and over again, that Grey Medoc was a "dead game horse"—as much so as Luda, or any other horse he ever turned loose. On reference to our "Turf Register" you will find that in the three years he has been upon the Turf, he has started twenty-two times and won eighteen racesmany of them at three and four mile heats, while you will also remark that in a majority of them he has made most capital time, and defeated the best horses of the day. Indeed, I do not remember an instance of his losing a race after having won a heat; depend apon it, he has about as nice an idea of perpetual motion, and can go as long under whip and spur, as ever did his grandsire—Old Eclipse himself. Think of his making a heat in 7:35—of his running his eighth mile in 1:48-of his winning a third four mile heat in 7:42! And had you seen him come alone up the quarter stretch at the close of his sixteenth mile—so gallantly and so beautifully, his high spirit unsubdued—with crest erect, and dilated nostrils, and observed his proud bearing and flashing eyes, you might have deemed him the impersonation of the Bucephalus of the victorious Macedonian, and added your voice to the many "rude throats" which greeted him with an enthusiasm that baffles all description.

The Race.

Denizen led off at a moderate pace, with Altorf second, and Grey Medoc well up; Altorf's stride and Minnow's pull, however, soon caused Denizen to change places with him, and Altorf led through the mile; John Ford all this time was pulling Grey Medoc double to keep him behind. The mile was run in 1:56—of course "the ravishing had not commenced." Denizen lapped Altorf just as they passed the stand, and maintained his position to near the head of the quarter stretch, where Denizen's jockey (Minnowthe "loose fish" just designated) was ordered not to run for the heat. Altorf again led past the stand (time of this mile 1:55), while Grey Medoc lapped Denizen, being evidently bent on mis-His stride soon gave him the second place, and he kept Altorf at his work throughout the mile, which was run in 1:54. Upon getting into straight work, on the back side, the set-to commenced in earnest. John Ford had neither whip nor spur, but the "gallant grey" under him required none. He brushed down the entire back side and round the turn, catching Altorf at the head of the quarter stretch, where a desperate struggle ensued. In five hundred yards Grey Medoc was clear of him, but striking something with his foot which caused him to hit himself and change his feet, he fell off in his stride, and Altorf locked him. From the gate home they came at a thrilling pace. Lawson on Altorf gave him the spur at every jump, but within one hundred yards of the judges' stand he caught his horse by the head, and giving him a desperate stab up to the gaffs, made it a dead heat on the post, having run the fourth mile in 1:50, and the heat in 7:35; Denizen, who had been trailing behind intending to drop just within his distance, was obliged to make a tremendous burst up the quarter stretch Those who saw it "fell heavily" in the end, for they at once backed him to win the purse. He ran a thousand yards at the speed of a quarter-horse.

Altorf cramped after the heat, but eventually recovered, while Denizen and Grey Medoc were both slightly lame. All cooled off well, and at length came to the post apparently as fresh as ever. Very little speculation took place, except that Denizen's friends

backed him with renewed confidence.

Second Heat—Denizen again broke off with the lead, but Minnow jerked him up before getting round the first turn, and Altorf went in front; it was soon apparent that Denizen did not intend running for this heat. No one seemed willing to cut out the work, and for two miles the pace was little faster than half speed, the time of the first mile being 2:13, and of the second 2:11. In the third mile, near the half mile-post, the pace mended a little, and

the field took close order. The mile was run in 2:07, Altorf leading past the stand clear, with Denizen second, he having been allowed to pass Grey Medoc in coming up the quarter stretch. On commencing the fourth mile each horse began to increase his stride, and upon entering the straight run down the back side there ensued a simultaneous rush. The contest that ensued was fierce and bloody beyond belief. All three horses were exactly abreast, and might have been covered with a double number of The Chronicle. Each was out and doing his best, going at a flight of speed. For two hundred yards it was impossible to say which had the best of it, but Grey Medoc was the first to get clear of the melée, soon after which Denizen was taken in hand. Lawson braced Altorf with a good pull to the turn, where he rallied and again challenged. At the head of the quarter stretch he once more locked Grey Medoc, but Jack Ford called on the Grey, and they came up the stretch like twin bullets. Grey Medoc got nearly clear at the gate, but Altorf gained on him a few inches at every jump. The excitement was intense—the enthusiasm of the spectators knew no bounds. "Grey Medoc's got him!" was the cry, and it was instantly answered by another, "It's Altorf's heat!" Now Grey Medoc-now Altorf, has the advantage, according to the hopes or fears of their respective friends. What a thrilling moment to a truehearted sportsman. They are now close to the stand-instead of the shouts you heard an instant ago, and which made the welkin ring, the most profound silence pervades the vast assembly-a thrill, a choking sensation in the throat, a wild throb ensues, and a mighty shout tells you that the heat is over! Altorf wins it by less than a head! having run the last mile in 1:48.

The surprise excited by the remarkable time of the last mile was increased by a painful rumour that was bruited about the stand, to the effect that Grey Medoc had "let down." He was lame beyond doubt, and was taken to his stable, some distance off, for the purpose of quiet and air. He also changed a "pair of pumps"—videlicit, his "plates," which seemed to relieve him. Denizen was a little lame also, but was still more than ever a favorite, the other two horses having run every foot of contested ground. Altorf recovered like a game-cock, as he is; to every one's astonishment and delight, when the bugle sounded the call for the horses, Grey Medoc was seen approaching from his stable, apparently quite free from lameness, and looking fresh and high-spirited as ever.

Third Heat—All three entries went off from the score at a tip-top pace, which soon declined, Denizen leading, with Altorf second, and Grey Medoc lying up within two lengths. Towards the close of the mile (run in 1.58) Altorf locked Denizen, and kept him moving along lively. Half way down the back stretch, in the second mile, Grey Medoc improved the pace by closing with Altorf for a few hundred yards, for the gallant champion of Louisiana was determined to leave neither of his worthy competitors enough in hand for a brush up the last quarter stretch. The second mile was run in 1:58, the field being well together as they passed the stand. Upon getting into straight work on the back stretch, each horse was

called upon, and nobly did each respond to it. Altorf was the first to "try it on" with Denizen; he finally succeeded in passing him, but too soon he got a Roland for his Oliver. When the others had apparently settled the matter as to who should have the track, Grey Medoc put in his claim, or rather than show any partiality to either of them, he took it himself by outfooting and outlasting them both, running this mile, the eleventh, in 1:50. Coming up the quarter stretch of the fourth mile, Denizen "returned his call" by brushing past Altorf and lapping the gallant Grey—and that, too, just as they were passing the stand. It did not avail him, however, gallantly as the effort was made. Grey Medoc soon shook him off, and finally won the heat by a long way, Altorf just dropping in his distance, while Denizen pulled up, or the heat would have been run "sure enough" in 7:40. The official time was 7:42.

Denizen not having won a heat in three, was now precluded from starting again under the following Rule of the Club:—

"Horses distanced in a dead heat, shall be regarded as if the heat had been won; excepting the horses that have run a dead heat, or won a heat, none other shall start for a fourth heat."

Altorf evidently weakened in the last heat; he had not flesh nor strength for such a tremendous race. Every one regretted that Denizen could not start again; he is a splendid race-horse, and a credit to the breeding establishment of Mr. Boardman. Had he been allowed to start, immense amounts would have been laid out about him, as Grey Medoc's friends would not have been surprised at any moment, to see him give way. But the horses are called, and the jockies are up for the

FOURTH HEAT—Altorf led off at half speed, with Grey Medoc lying well up to near the end of the mile, where John Ford was ordered to let his horse stride along; in consequence they came through locked, and at a good pace, though the mile was as slow as 2:16, the first part of it having been mere galloping exercise. On the turn, after passing the stand, the indomitable game and strength of Grey Medoc told, and he cut down Altorf in his stride. He was never caught, but gradually widened the gap between himself and Altorf to the end, by which the latter was distanced an immense way. Grey Medoc run the second mile in 1:58—the third in 1:57, though one hundred yards ahead, and the last, or sixteenth mile, in 2:06. Hundreds were signalling John to hold him up, so that Altorf might get in his distance, or the last mile would have been run under two minutes. Grey Medoc run out his last mile as strong, and indicated as much game and spirit, as if he was closing a first heat. John Ford rode him in a style that would have done credit to a Chifney or a Robinson, and the gallant grey and his honest rider were greeted, as they came up in front of the stand, with a degree of enthusiasm surpassing belief. There were hundreds who were ready fairly to hug the noble animal, whose almost incredible exertions had conferred so much credit upon the native blood stock of America. John Ford, on coming out of the scales, had his cap half filled with bank notes, while the highspirited owners of the winner gave their trainer half the purse, and distributed the remainder among the boys in their stable. You can form little conception of the engrossing excitement which prevailed. Recapitulation:—

SATURDAY, March 20, 1841—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

D. F. Kenner and Brother's gr. h. Grey Medoc, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 5 yrs., 110lbs. John Ford. 0 2 1 1

Col. Watson's (J. Campbell's) b. h. Altorf, by Imp. Fylde, out of Countess Plater by Virginian, 5 yrs., 110lbs. Lawson. 0 1 3 dist.

Blevins & Camp's (E. H. Boardman's) ch. c. Denizen, by Actwon, out of Imp. Delight, sister to Design, 4 yrs., 100lbs. Minnow. 3 2 r.o.

First Heat. Second Heat. Third Heat. Fourth Heat.

1st mile. 1:56 | 1st mile. 2:13 | 1st mile. 1:58 | 1st mile. 2:16 | 2d " 1:58 | 2d " 1:58 | 3d " 1:55 | 2d " 2:07 | 3d " 1:51 | 3d " 1:57 | 3d " 1:57 | 3d " 1:57 | 3d " 1:55 | 3d " 1:57 | 3d " 1:55 | 3d " 1:57 | 3d " 1:55 | 3d " 1:57 | 3d heat. 7:35 | 2d heat. 8:19 | 3d heat. 7:42 | 4th heat 8:17

It should be remarked here that the day was very warm, and the course in the most capital order. No doubt it is something over a mile, measuring three feet from the inner railing. I regret to add, that upon taking him to his stable, it was discovered that Grey Medoc had partially given way in one of his fore legs—that is, the smaller tendon of his leg was sprung; so that he never will again appear upon the Turf. But he has done enough; his performance to-day is a crowning glory to a career of unusual brilliancy.

W. T. P.

DEEP SEA FISHING.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

"The imperious seas breed monsters."—CYMBELINE.

It was on a lovely evening in June, that I was sitting on the quarter-deck of our good ship, on my voyage from New York to England. For some days we had experienced a continued succession of dead calms, and we lay, under a burning sun, unrefreshed by a breath of air, with no other amusement than that of watching the sails idly flapping against the masts, and wasting some powder and balls at the dolphins that gambolled around us. Thoughts of "home, sweet home," and those friends whom thousands of miles of ocean separated from me, filled my heart. The sea was one deep, dark blue,-" Dolce color di oriental zaffiro." For many hours there had been a profound silence, when, suddenly, the stillness was broken by a heavy rush of air, and a dash of water, apparently at no great distance. "My eyes and limbs!" cried a weatherbeaten old sailor, who had served on board a whaler, "there's the 'blow' of a fish!"-" Ay, ay," returned a youngster from the Emerald Isle, looking through his glass; "there he is sure enough, spout-

ing away like a mimber of parlemint."

The conjecture of the experienced old tar proved true; within a quarter of a mile of the vessel, we perceived the leviathan of the deep amusing himself by throwing the water, in two circular spouts, high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with a terrific force, and rearing his huge carcass for many feet above the surface, in idle gambols. The captain, who had formerly commanded a Greenlandman, now appeared on deck, and no sooner did he see this Prince of Whales, than the recollection of his early habits, and the temptation for sport, aroused his old propensities. "Can the whale line be got at handy, coxswain?" "Ay, ay, sir," was the prompt reply. "Make it fast, then, to the harpoon, man the long-boat, and lower away." The order was speedily obeyed; and the captain, coxswain, myself, Tom-the weather-beaten old tar before alluded to, and four of the crew, took our stations in the "Give strong way, my hearties!" exclaimed the captain, in joyous tones. "Here, Tom, you shall have a strike at him; it's many a day since you and I have had a harpoon in our hands." Old Tom's visage relaxed into a smile, and, after expressing his thanks to the "skipper," transferred himself to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparations to "strike," as the occasion required. The tub, containing a line nearly 200 fathoms long, was placed at his feet. This he attached to the forerunner, a line of about seven fathoms long, made of the finest hemp, that it may slip the easier, and, fastening the harpoon to the latter, he deluged the whole with water, to prevent the friction against the gunwale of the boat from setting it on fire as it ran out. We now approached the monster, who was sluggishly yielding to the action of the waves. The veteran stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; and as we came up to the broadside of the whale he buried the iron of his harpoon in the vulnerable part of his body. The animal finding himself wounded, cast his huge tail into the air, with a violence that turned the sea to froth, and went off horizontally, a small depth below the surface, amid a cloud of foam. "Hold on, men!" exclaimed the capiain. "Ay, ay, sir," replied the coxswain, at the same time seizing the line, which had already run out a hundred fathoms.

The strength of the wounded victim now began to fail, and he again came to the surface to "blow;" this gave me an opportunity of having a shot at him with a double-barrelled rifle; and, following Tom's directions (who seemed rather disconcerted at not having another harpoon ready to give the coup de grâce himself,) I lodged two balls, within a few inches of each other, in the soft piece of flesh near his "spout." "Stern all!" shouted the coxswain; "give him sea-room." This order was promptly obeyed, and we were shortly beyond the reach of danger. The precaution, however, proved to be needless, for, after a few convulsive struggles, the animal turned upon his back, the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, "his heart's best blood was on the waters," and the prize was ours. The seamen now seized the line, and drew the boat within a foot of the unresisting prey; we then

towed it, by a strong rope, towards our vessel, and were soon on board. The whale was then hauled up by the windlass, and lashed alongside. The tail and fins having been struck off, old Tom, with a couple of "hands," having irons on their feet to prevent their slipping, got on the huge black mass, and began to cut out pieces of some three feet thick, and eight long, which were hoisted on When the fat was all got off, they cut away the "whalebone" from the upper jaw, a material perfectly different from the actual bones of the whale, which are very porous, and filled with During this process, the rest of the crew, who were promised an extra allowance of grog, were employed slicing the pieces smaller, and picking out all the lean. When this was prepared, it was stowed away under the deck, where it remained until all the fat of the whale was on board; it was then cut into smaller pieces, and crammed very close into tubs, and deposited in the hold. The carcase was then turned adrift, and furnished a dainty meal to the gulls, and other sea birds, that hovered about the vessel. process of "flencing," that is, cutting the blubber and whalebone from the carcase, occupied the crew about six hours, and the "making off," or cutting up and packing, from ten to eleven more.

Whilst on the subject of fishing, it may not be uninteresting to devote a few lines to the cod and herring-fisheries, both of which I have witnessed, the former on the banks of Newfoundland, in 1818; the latter, off the Dutch coast, in the previous year. The chief fishery for cod is in the bay of Canada, on the great bank of Newfoundland, and thither vessels resort from divers parts both of Europe and America. They are from 100 to 150 tons burden, and will catch between 30,000 and 40,000 codfish each. Before the discovery of Newfoundland, in 1496, Iceland, and the Western Isles of Scotland, were the principal stations for the cod-fishery, but speedily after that event it was transferred to Newfoundland, where it is carried on to such an extent (merely by the hook, baited with the herring and other small fishes,) as to furnish employment for 15,000 British An expert hand will sometimes capture 400 cods in a day, but that is the greatest quantity, the weight of the fish, and the great coldness on the bank, being dreadfully fatiguing. As soon as the cod are taken, the heads are cut off; they are opened, gutted and salted; and the salter stows them in the hold, head to tail, in beds a fathom or two square, laying layers of salt and fish alternately, but never mixing fish caught on different days. When they have lain thus three or four days, to drain off the water, they are replaced in another part of the ship, and salted again.

The French cod-fishery employs annually 400 ships, measuring together 50,000 tons, and manned by 11,000 sailors; also 200 transports or coasting vessels, with 2,000 sailors; so that it maintains 600 ships, and 13,000 men. France possesses 305 myriamètres, or about 450 leagues of coast; and there was a time when the French fishery on the banks of Newfoundland was sufficiently extensive to supply nearly the wants of all Europe, as well as acting as a nursery for the whole of the French navy. But in consequence of the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, that of Vervins in 1783, and the

cession of Canada, France was reduced to the confined right of fishing on the eastern and western coasts of the island of Newfoundland, without the power of establishing any dwelling-place or building upon it, except such huts and scaffolding as are absolutely necessary for drying and curing the fish. Under such circumstances, it is evident that France can never compete with the English fishermen, who have fixed residences on the island, or with those of America, who have the advantage of being close to their own shores. As shelters for her ships she possesses only the small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, mere bare rocks, which must be supplied from without with every necessary of life, even firewood.

The most celebrated herring-fishers are the Scotch and Dutch. In England, the inhabitants of Yarmouth and Lowestoffe alone

smoke upwards of 80,000 barrels every year.

Formerly, the Dutch had no share in this fishery, but were obliged to purchase their herrings from the Scotch; these last abused their advantage, and the Dutch resolved to do without them. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, a fisherman named Stephens, displeased with his country, withdrew to Euckhuysen, in Holland, and taught the inhabitants the secret of catching herrings.

On or about St. John's Day, the 24th of June, when the herrings begin to appear in great bodies, the Dutch, with their busses (vessels between fifty and sixty tons burden,) and several other kinds of craft, amounting, perhaps, to 2,000, move out of the harbors of Dort, Rotterdam, Delft, Schiedam, Vlaerdingen, Brille, and Euckhuysen.

There is nothing particular in the manner of fishing; the nets wherein the fish are drawn have their meshes an inch square, to let

all the lesser fry go through.

The herring is accustomed to follow the light of the moon, and, during the night it emits a sort of light which spreads in the air. These fish, accordingly, discover themselves, and betray their motion; it is for this reason that they are generally caught in the night. The nets for this purpose are from 1,000 to 1,200 yards long; they are stretched in the water, one side being kept from sinking by means of buoys attached at proper distances; and as the weight of the net makes the side sink to which no buoys are fixed, it is suffered to hang in a perpendicular position, like a screen; and the fish, when they endeavor to pass through it, are entangled in its meshes, from which they cannot disengage themselves. There they remain until the net is hauled in, and they are shaken or picked out.

London Sporting Review for December, 1841.

THE SPORTING LIFE OF ENGLAND.

BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.,

Author of the "Old English Gentleman."

Sketch the First :- " The Beaufort Hunt."

SIXTY-FIVE couples of hounds; forty-six hunters; old Job, the padgroom; Long, the huntsman; Stansby, the first whip; Charley, the second, and a second horseman to each, form the princely establishment of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort.

On Saturday, the 21st of the dreary cut-throat month of November, the meet was at Yate Turnpike, and, although a fog hung like a frown upon nature's face, accompanied by a cold north-east wind and drizzling rain, there were many of those present who never turn to the weather's beckon. Among them were the Duke, the Earl of Wilton, Lord Andover, Captain Codrington, John Bayley,

Esq., Mr. Hobson, and several Bristol men.

With the bitch pack, consisting of twenty-one couples and a half, Long drew a little covert to the right of Yate Common; but no long brushed varmint lurked therein. Then the common was tried with the same result, while the rain came down in torrents. Old Job. ever careful of his master's health, unshelled a mackintosh and waterproof gloves, and, after assisting in their arrangement, looked defiance at the clouds spouting forth their overcharged contents. Cold and saturated, we trotted off to Wapley Bushes, where not a minute elapsed before the merry note of Dahlia sent a warm glow "Hark to Dahlia!" hallooed Long. to our chilled extremities. "Hold hard! let 'em get at it;" and "Tally-ho!" cried Stansby. away we went, happier than butterflies in a July noon. The fox broke in the direction of Beanwood; but turned short to the left, towards Sodbury. Twisting to the left again, he took across Yate Common, where, thank heaven, there was a short check; for 'bellows to mend' was the roaring appeal from my strong-limbed steed: nor was he a solitary exception. The land could not be in worse condition. At each stride the horses took, they sank nearly to their hocks and knees, and not unfrequently above them. Often, when they attempted to lift at their leaps, they stuck fast in the mud, and into the fences they pitched head-foremost. "Over!" cried Mr. Fisher to his finely-bred and well-shaped mare, as they arrived at a stiffish fence; but across the bank she fell, and her rider found himself biting the sod.

"There's a better place," said Charley to me. "If your horse takes it first, mine would follow, sir," continued he. But a bad example had been set, and the roan declined. Again his head was turned to it, and the persuaders administered; but a negative was the only reply. His Grace now came up, and crammed his horse gallantly at it. Over he flew, and the decliners followed him. We were now with the pack just as they hit off the scent. The varmint stretched away towards Nibley; but turned short back again,

making for the lower woods. But, alas! poor pug! after doing his best to get away for twenty-two minutes, the swift pack ran into him under the Ridings, and "woo-whoop!" echoed o'er hill and valley.

"Do you draw any more, my Lord?" inquired a farmer.

"Certainly," was the reply, and to Doddington Grove we made a direct course. In the merry pack crashed, and out whirred the

gay plumed pheasants, like bees from a hive.

"There are too many long-tails for a fox to be found here," observed somebody. "Indeed!" replied Captain Codrington, "we shall test that presently. There was a litter bred here in the summer, and I am much mistaken if we dont find them to-day."

The last word was scarcely from his lips, when Levity's deep-

toned note rang through the copse.

"A find for a hundred!" offered Mr. Bayley; but there was no takers. "I'll bet five—ten to one that it's a find," continued he;

still no accepters appeared.

Patience now joined in the cry, and out a fox broke like a meteor. Farmer, farmer, why are you there? His quick eye catches you, and he is headed back into a hound's willing jaws like a netted trout. Chopped, killed upon his own hearth, without a struggle for life. Before the victim could be scalped, another met with a like despicable destiny, within twenty yards of the spot, and a third was

" tally-hoed" away.

"For'ard! for'ard!" shouted the old padgroom. "Here, here, here!" and clapping the hounds on, they were well away after the fourth fox, before their appetite had been whetted with the brace preceding. Straight into the yard of Doddington House, reynard bolted, flattering himself, perhaps, like a suitor in Chancery, that it was as easy to get out as to get in, and to be as ruinously disappointed. The gate admitting him stood invitingly open; that by which he doubtlessly hoped to effect an egress was closed. The walls were much too high for a jump, and, ere a rescuing hand could lift the latch of mercy, the hounds had rendered all aid unavailing.

"Woo whoop!" cried Stansby, lifting a fine dog fox, in the last gasp of death, and then hurling him to the impatient pack for a little

more innocent recreation.

Immediately after this, we found in Doddington Plantations; but, after running once round them, a storm came on from the East, which threatened to amputate our nasal organs, and completely annihilated the scent; thus verifying the old proverb, "that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The artful dodge was given to us, and we then wended our way towards Badminton. On our road His Grace remarked upon the likelihood of my catching cold if I did not change my clothes quickly; and when I told him such an affliction had never, to my memory, been visited upon me, he rejoined, "You must consider yourself most fortunate." And so I do, in this particular; but, notwithstanding, it might be dangerous if the world were a powder magazine, and I held a box of lucifers.

On the Monday following this day of slaughter, we met at Castle Coombe. The gentle wind fanned us from the warm South, and his breath felt as soft as the zephyr from Italy's cloudless clime. The sun was "but the daylight sick." His pale rays stole between heavy floating clouds, and fell in patches upon "the mountain, moor, and mead." The swollen stream swept on, murmuring in its course; but scarcely a beam was flashed in the rippling wave. Now and then a distant roll was heard, and black, frowning masses continued to gather and hang threateningly around.

How I love anything old! even an old woman is an object of my sincere admiration. For might she not be a ruin of beauty? Ay, and generally is, too, if we may credit the assertion of ninetenths of those whose locks are frosted by the sneaping hand of

time.

" Is not this a beautiful place?" said the Duke.

I believe that I was sufficiently attentive to return a brief affirmative; but my eyes were gloating so with the enjoyment of the scene, that I scarcely knew if my tongue slipped a sound. An ivy-clad, grey-mossed house stands on a lawn studded with beds of evergreen plants and choice exotics. Within sixty yards of its stone walls, a wide and deep stream rushes past, over which a light bridge is thrown. On the right, the remains of an ancient castle rear themselves proudly among clustering trees, and at the base of the steep declivity, the traces of the fosse are easily distinguished—the monuments of ages long since passed and swept away.

On the brow of the hill behind the house, the veteran huntsman of countless hunts cheered his merry pack. A minute—no, not a minute—was thrown into the yawning abyss of time, when "Hark to Launcelot!" was echoed from hill to hill. "Hark to Launcelot,

Flyer, Charon!" and away they went like a flash of light.

It is the dash of the foxhound which shows the genuineness of his breed: and where can be seen such a dash as in this splendid pack? It may be seen; but my eyes have never been favored with a glimpse. (Masters of hounds, invite me to the sight, and accom-

pany the invitation by an offer of "a mount.")

"If he only gets away," said Lord Wilton, "we shall be all right," and gingerly he took his horse over a stone wall into a lane, and rattled him down it. But it was a useless expenditure of wind, for an earth, which had been stopped by the spade, found a ready opener in the flood, and pug dived into the crevice, to all appearance not much too large for a rat, and escaped his ardent pursuers.

The threatening storm now burst in all its violence. A stream of water bubbled upon the earth, and the thunder reverberated from hill to hill, like the explosion of continued parks of artillery. The slumbering wind now rose like a lion from his lair, and roared in gusts, as if he would rend the rock-ribbed hills from their foundations.

"We shall have no sport to-day," observed His Grace.

"Between the storms we shall, Duke, if we can get away," replied Lord Wilton, congratulating his stars that he had had his bit of pink dipped and made waterproof, although the bath "damaged the color."

After a beautiful soaking, the storm lifted, and we tried West Kington Wood, where we found immediately. To the left we went bending for Burton, at a splitting pace—stone walls innumerable, and the country as deep as ---; but metaphors must be barred. Lord Wilton dashed at a five foot wall, and cleared it beautifully; I turned "the old chesnut" at it; Lord George Paget resolved upon Together we went; but, the same spot at the same moment. weight being on my side, his Lordship met with a swerve, which momentarily ruffled the feathers. However, true blood was never soured, although it may be "turned," and in a handful of seconds as merry a laugh rattled from his lips at the wayward rub, as ever burst from the heart of "a fine young English gentleman." From Burton we went to the right, towards the Faggot Covert, at a streaking rate. I followed in the wake of Captain Codrington, who rode as if his horse and himself knew the country. We were well up, "Hold hard!" when a fox showed himself back under a wall. was the halloo; but, God of my forefathers! the hounds continued on. It was a fresh fox in view. The discovery was too late. "We must lift hard!" cried the gallant Captain; and lift us he did for miles, until, with judgment I never saw surpassed, we were again with the merry pack.

His Grace was well up the whole of the time; but from that arch-fiend, the gout, he is compelled to ride with care; even a bruise from the stirrup would cause an attack. His heart and nerves are as fresh as when he was a round-faced "chubby" boy; but he dare not brush a rasper as he formerly did, from the certainty of a visit

from his enemy, should the least accident occur.

Mr. Bayley and Dr. Grace now showed themselves well in the foreground, but Lord Wilton continued to be pioneer. Jenkins, remember you are fifteen stone, and a little over, with saddle and bridle; but he heeds not my mental warning. Straight as a winged arrow from a yew-bow, he steers for an ugly "blind un," while Lord Wilton is trying to swing open a neighboring gate. Second thoughts are best-he comes to a check, and waits impatiently for the result of the Earl's attempt. Now ambition, vaulting as a roebuck, led me to try the fence; the rise was great, the dip was deep, the near stirrup-leather broke, and down I went to mother earth in a style that, unquestionably, might be called perfect. Fortune sometimes smile on the unlucky. Here a momentary check ensued, and enabled me to botch the damage, just as the scent was A full hour rolled by, still the chase went on. From hit off again. the Faggot Covert we went in a curve to Badminton, where the fox was viewed dead beaten, just before the hounds; but a cold storm of wind and rain came on, which prevented them hunting him a yard farther, and reynard lived to give, I hope, another as bold a run.

The number of foxes killed that season by this unrivalled pack, was forty-six brace; and seventeen brace and a half have been killed thus early in the present one.

London Sporting Review for December, 1841.

A HORSE-RACE AT SEA.

"Dolphinum in sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum."-Hor. Art. Poet. 30.

England for riches, France for fun,
The "Westward Isle" for wit and blunders,
O'er Europe wide a name have won—
But Venice is the land of wonders,
For who had ever dreamed to see—
From Greenland to the far Mahratta—
A Derby run upon the sea,
And horses named for a Regatta!

"CAN it be possible?" said I to myself, laying down the "Galignani," over which I was lounging after breakfast in the "Café di Florian," and settling my spectacles to examine more closely a very extraordinary advertisement which hung upon the opposite wall.

I rose from my seat, and deliberately walked across to read it over again, and sure enough it was "no mistake." There it was, staring me in the face, and announcing, in flaming characters, with all the energy of German text and square capitals, that, among the entertainments of the Giardini Publici for that evening, was a Regatta dei Cavalli—a Regatta of Horses!!!

I began to fancy of the Venetians, what Beckford had conjectured of the Dutch, that their ancestors, if not thorough-bred fishes, must have been at least an amphibious race, floundering in the

waters from which their city had arisen.

Then I puzzled my brain with a variety of conjectures as to whether it would be a sailing regatta or a rowing one; though I inclined to the latter opinion, since, as there were horses in question, nothing could be more natural than that there should be gigs also.

Having fatigued myself with ineffectual "guesses" it at last occurred to me to apply to my gondolier for a solution, and I cannot express to you how much I was disappointed when I discovered that "Regatta" was but a Venetian form of expression for the generic term race, borrowed from their old and hereditary aquatic exhibitions; and thence accommodated to the horse-race—with them a very modern innovation.*

The reader must make up his mind to share in my disappointment, and be content to hear a description of a less marvellous scene than he anticipated; although, after all, if the nature of the ground and its other circumstances be considered, it can hardly be deemed inappropriately described in the heading of this paper. The course being scarcely above the level of the surrounding sea—the trees by which it is shaded appear to spring from the very ocean—their branches literally drooping into the waves. The great body of aristocratic spectators view the sport from their gon-

^{*}The traveller in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway may have observed a similar idiom among the half-seafaring peasantry of the coast of Antrim,—I have myself been pressed "to take a sail upon a jaunting-car."

dolas upon the water, and, as the horses fly past in full career, they seem, as far as meets the eye, to skim the surface of the waves, and, even to those who know otherwise, present for the moment all the semblance of a Horse Race at Sea.

The Venetian race-course is a circuit of the Giardini Publici, a small park, which started up from the open sea just outside of the city, under the magic auspices of Napoleon; unluckily it also serves the purpose of a public promenade, and as it is intended for chariot, as well as horse-racing, it may be guessed that it is a "leetle too hard" according to our English notions. But as "beggars should not be choosers," and as the wonder is to find any sport fit for the purpose in such a locality, the more lenient our criticism the better.

The first match would have come under the denomination of an English pony-race, although the nags were somewhat above that standard. I am not able to say whether it was honest running, or whether the contest was got up for effect, but it certainly was both a tolerably fast thing, and a close one. The race was thrice round the circus, and as the competitors changed places at each successive circuit, nothing could exceed the excitement of the crowd. I was struck by the revival, or rather the preservation, of the old usage of the Republican times, by presenting the winner with a banner.

The second exhibition was one which I had till then thought peculiar to our own merry-makings—a sack-race! But, as this sport has often been well laughed at by most of your readers, I step over the bodies of the fallen "sack-em-ups," to the grand Corsa delle Bighe alla Romana—a chariot race in the style of the ancient Romans.

Of this exhibition the reader may form some idea, from what he must have seen when a boy, at some of our own amphitheatres; except that the costume was better imitated, and the classic peculiarities better preserved. Indeed, in everything but the number of chariots—(there were but two)* the arrangements were almost faultless.

The successful charioteer was presented with a banner, and drove around the course, partly in triumph, partly—start not, ye high-bred professionals! to try whether his dexterity might not provoke the generosity of some spectator, or, as my gondolier informed me, to try whether some one might not give him, "qualche piccola cosa!"

But now came the event of the evening—(for I had forgotten to say that like all the other amusements of the season, the hour was 6 o'clock, P. M.)—an English horse-race with appropriate costume. A pair of hardy-looking under-sized homunculi had encased themselves in tops and leathers, not forgetting the silk jacket, and jockey cap; and being determined that the spectators should fully appreciate "the fun" of an English race-course, they went off at score, spurring and flogging their horses from the moment they started to

^{*}There were always four chariots in the Roman Hippodrome, one from each of the four factions, Albata, Russata, Veneta, and Prasina.

the last stride, their idea being like that of children, that the only "fun" was in the flogging.

Alas! poor deluded creatures! how little do they know of the real glories of the race-course.

Venice, Oct. 18th, 1841.

A. C. B.

A CHAPTER ON WEIGHT.

Wherein the Writer descanteth in the outset respecting the World's general ignorance on weight, and the different notions entertained thereon by stout and feather-weight individuals.—Farther illustrateth his subject by an historical parallel between Daniel Lambert and Samuel Darling, Esqrs.; and quoteth anecdotes respecting the present George Francis and the late George Abernethy.—Asserteth, moreover, that voluntary martyrdom existeth in the present day, and quoteth a Poor-law Guardian as a testimony thereof.—Addeth thereto a word in favor of twelve-stone men, and proveth beyond all doubt that the undue study of Porson and La Place estrangeth the young mind from the proper consideration of Handicaps.—Sheweth also how many an Oxford Chancellor foolishly fostereth a taste for crossing country by Rustication.—Concludeth with an Apology fitted to the weighty subject.

"THERE was always reason in the roasting of eggs," says a writer in a recent number of the Edinburgh Review: "there is now philosophy in a dog-kennel, literature in a fishing-rod, and treatises on the art of wearing the hat..... If this goes on much longer," he continues, "the Eastern Monarch offering a reward for a new pleasure will be but a faint type of the sovereigns of Albemarle Street and Paternoster Row offering a reward for a new subject." A slight glance at our heading would, "we calculate," be almost enough to convince our readers, at first sight, that we have but little right to lay any claim to originality in our choice. The case, however, appears to us in a different light. We do not mean to enter into a discussion as to whether Robinson or Templeman could sweat off a few pounds in the least time, or after commenting upon the extraordinary treatment which St. Francis experienced from the Goodwood Stake Handicappers, to expatiate on all the ups and downs produced by the 7th. extra among the Newmarket two-year-olds: our aim is widely different. The weights of those hard-working gentry, who during six months of the year have no other bosom-companions during their mornings than sweating flannels and cigars, who mount the silk jacket in the afternoon, and bait upon air and sherry-and-water at night, are pretty well known to the public through the daily and weekly columns of the Morning Post and the Bell's Life; while on the contrary, there is no subject upon which the community in general, not immediately connected with horses, are more ill informed, or upon which certain gentlemen of doubtful dimensions are disposed to grow more "touchy," or make worse guesses than this. If you tell an elderly gentleman, who rides halfway up in the teens, that you think he is thinner

since you saw him last, he will draw himself with a sort of inward secret chuckle at the imaginary relief his horse will feel next meet; thinking you, moreover, a decidedly more sensible person than either his wife or daughter, who are mostly tremendously acute in finding out exactly the contrary about "papa." Such persons, however, are exceedingly glad to take your assertion for doctrine, without an appeal to the unerring standard of the weighing-chair or Merlin's patent balances. Horace (we don't quote) lays down, in one of his Odes, that the men of his time were beginning to dread a cold bath in the Tiber and a quoiting Match; nay, he goes on to say that they viewed the wrestling ointments in precisely the same light as viper's blood. Could he have accommodated his remarks to our times, he would have added to this long list of miseries "going to scale," which is always a sort of penance to all but jockies and light-weights up to 10st. or so. It is from the latter of these two classes that doubtful weights meet with most annoyance. inquiry which the aforesaid are so fond of instituting mostly forms an interlude to a conversation during dinner. The process is an interesting one. Let any sporting person in the party mention any Handicap Race, and it is enough; the next is sure to be what weight Connelly or Nat rode upon the winner, and whether Chapple or John Day, jun., was not carrying overweight; and thus a mischievous transition is made to the weights of the party present, each person asking his neighbor. The light-weights, if they ever ride at all, know their own and their saddle's weight to an ounce; the Ladies protest that they haven't "the slightest conception," either of their own weights or any one's else; while those who "do not like the subject named," either peevishly declare, that, in consequence of their long separation from the scales, they really do not know, or else give a bland smile, and a still blander guess at a calculation full 2 st. below reality, evidently very glad to dismiss the question. Once indeed a gentleman of our acquaintance confidentially informed us during such a conversation that he was just 11st. 4tb, while to our certain knowledge he had weighed for 14st. 4tb. three summers before, and expansion visible had taken place since then.

Exceptions there are, however, to every rule, and some even of this latter class are never done weighing themselves, and calculating what they have lost or gained during the last fortnight. 12st. was to my certain knowledge the point of one of these odd creature's condition, and nothing could be more absurd than to view his affected alarm and mysterious forebodings of consumptions if on Saturday night the pointer of the balance-chair only reached 11st. 13lb.; and fearful on the contrary were his Sunday's abstinence and penitential walks during the ensuing week if it declared "2lb. overweight."—"Take plenty of good nutritious food," says the doctors: "eat a light pudding for dinner, weak tea and toast, and take a sharp six-mile sweat, with physic to boot," says the "Instruction to Jockies in Training"—a sort of comparison of the torrid and frigid zones. But how stands the case? Under one system Dan Lambert luxuriated in 52st.; under the other, Sam Dar-

ling has steered with unimpaired strength many a noble steed, car-"What a living quagmire a man rying only 8st., saddle and all. in high food and without exercise is!" apostrophises Nimrod, after fingering over Jack Hannan, whom he had seen in training near Melton. The remark was a just one. Whether Dan Lambert's quagmire was the result of the causes Nimrod assigns generally, we know not. Such an inquiry is more suited to the Wonderful Magazine, or the Encyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Don't let it be supposed, from the relation we have instituted between Sam and Dan, that we think it all right for gentlemen to put themselves on short allowance and take sweats. Noble Lords may occasionally put on the sweaters for the sake of a favorite horse, but it is reserved for practitioners like Nat to knock off 15th. within twenty-four hours on an emergency. Healthy as this system may be, it has been carried even among jockies to a frightful extent. What can we say when we see a youth like Francis attempting to ride 5st. 7tb., and compelled from exhaustion two hours before the race to declare 5st. 10\frac{3}{4}\text{lb.}; while the pale cheeks of one of our first-rate Northern riders, and, we believe, occasional winters in Italy, may be accounted for by his sometimes going 7st. 10th. to scale.

To return to our subject. Were any one from a dislike to overweight to commence dieting himself, and taking fearful walks, he becomes a mere professional at once—a victim to the same infatuation, which, according to the *Spectator*, induced an ancient gentleman to weigh himself every day, and live by grains and scruples. Poor wives might indeed grumble about their husbands, when, in addition to their usual hunting fatigues, they began to put themselves on short allowance. It mostly strikes us, that those who ride and hunt most always enjoy themselves most both at the table

and the bottle, leaving weight to its chance.

Dieting, however, has its votaries on many grounds: some really do it from the above mentioned reasons; others, because Dr. Jeph son has ordered them to confine themselves to vegetables and a gill of liquid each day: few have done it because they liked it; preferring Dr. Abernethy's much more concise rules upon the subject, as detailed by the Parish Clerk—" Diet be d—d! eat the best of everything you fancy, only don't cram." A Member of a Poor Law Board in the North could lately be chargeable with none of these motives: no love of fox-hunting "compelled him to commit the rash act;" but it was pure unqualified admiration for a system, on behalf of which he would have become a "dem'd moist unpleasant body," that prompted him to the noble resolve of subsisting upon pauper allowance for a week. Suffice it then to say, that at the end of the week the Board, hitherto quite unconcious of the sacrifice of animal comfort that their worthy member was making in their behalf, were perfectly convulsed at the two separate accounts of past and present weight which were handed in; and still more so when the aforesaid enthusiastic gentleman declared that though he was just about the same weight, he firmly believed he was healthier than he had been at the last meeting.

Many, however, are the resources to which people who find

themselves getting more heavy than convenient privately resort to Some of them consign malt liquor to "kingdom come," on the plea that it does not agree with them, and make no luncheons at all, and frugal dinners, on the plea that they don't feel hungry; while others, who go more deeply into the thing, take to vinegar and cigars. It is between the ages of 12 and 16 that weight increases so imperceptibly. Many who remember that they were a little above 7st. at the first-mentioned age are quite astonished on finding at the end of four years they can give little or no change out of 9st., while to all appearance they fancy themselves as slim as ever. The reason is obvious; for, setting aside their growth, it is then when the muscles begin to expand, and all the world knows that bone weighs more than flesh, from England to Kamschatka. thing always strikes us, when men are once past the rubicon, or riding weight, and become what we may call coachmen or gig weight of 18 or 20st., all anxiety on this score ceases; they seem to be proud of their extra pounds, and will often jocularly inform you that they are heavier within the last year; probably adding to these remarks some highly interesting statistics on the number of yards they require for a waistcoat. Such men we will allow should stick to the ribbons; but who that has seen or heard of Alvanley, Canning, Maxse, and a host of other 16 or 17st. heroes, will deny that heavy weights can see the end of a run! and no one who has seen Little Gilmour cross Leicestershire can be ignorant of what hunters can do under 15st. and a fine judgment and finger. ing at the riders of England generally, and barring M'Donough, Oliver, and the professionals, it will generally be found that the men for riding across country average from 12 to 13st. in the sad-It is true that Lord Rancliffe and a host of others bravely support the honor of the light weights, but the number of first-rate workmen among them is comparatively small. The fact is, most light weights labor under a double delusion, not only that their weight entitles them to take any liberty with their horses, but that also, to use their own favorite phrase, "anything will carry them;" the consequence of which is, that many of them ride thorough bred weeds, which pull their own heads off for the first mile, and then feel uncommon glad of a balk to get pulled up themselves—on their parts mostly a very fair process, seeing that they have very probably gone fetlock deep in ploughed land half the way, whether from their own taste, or from their rider's temporary mental abstraction, particularly on all points connected with soils and seeds, it is difficult to say. We remember an old witticism recently quoted at Doncaster respecting a salmon's losing a swimming match with a nigger from want of condition; and just in the same manner we have often seen a careful middle-weight man beat the best mounted careless 10st, man, merely by avoiding extra fences. Often have we seen old Sportsmen's bristles excited by exhibitions like these, and heard them wish they "had that fellow's carcase, they'd use it better." There is a good deal in this last remark, as it illustrates that common fate in the world, viz: that those have blessings who know least how to use them.

We do not intend to follow the example of Mr. Harris on Mammon, and moralise on hoards of wealth unused, or soliloquise over the miseries of those who can only now too late feel the blessing of "happy days gone by;" but we would come boldly to the point at once, and assert a plain every-day fact, that while real sterling sportsmen are often rather inconvenienced by too great a development of the "human form divine," many hundreds of beings-lawyers, saw-bones, and University men—who never ride behind any horses except those of a coach or an omnibus, and who, if they had any of their own, would never exactly distinguish the hocks from the thighs, are many of them either large scale likenesses of Count Borulwarski, or animated revivals of Smike about the legs and body. Hundreds of University men there are at Cambridge, who, as schoolmasters mostly say, "little knowing the privileges they enjoy," have never yet sniffed the air of Newmarket during the July Meetings, or galloped home to be in time for Hall after the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire Stakes. These they are who can go deeply into the merits of Hermann's last emendations to Sophocles, con over Bentley's nice alterations in Horace, or force a ghastly smile of satisfaction if they find, after an hour's search, that Poppo Gæller and Arnold have actually agreed about the tense of a verb These they are who can integrate an equation in Thucydides. with all the zeal of an Ellis or a Gashin; discuss the respective schemes of Whewell and Earnshaw on dynamics, and argue over the merits of Colenso's and Kelland's new Algebras, and then innocently ask you what is meant by a Handicap-a race they are rejoicing in, a sort of livery of clerical seedy blacks, white-stockings, and high-lows-little syllogistical argumentative little fellows, weighing from 8 to 9st., who always live in a state of abstraction, lost in another world of equations and various readings; worshipping the presiding deities of Paley, Porson, and La Place. Small in stature, they take no thought what they should eat or what they should drink, as nothing can fatten them; and after taking a walk, gown on back, three miles out and three miles in, at a pace which would sweat any modern jockey with half his flannels on, give a quiet grin and call it a "constitutional."

But we have perhaps said too much: old remembrances of our Cambridge "larks" came rushing over us as we penned the above, and, after all, the Oxford reading men are quite as bad, though not so inexcusable, seeing that they have no Newmarket near them—no Sporting Turf that has been made classic ground by Latin quotations respecting the bay four-year-old daughter of Priam, and bets on long and short o's. Every one knows that their tutors have done their best to "freeze the genial currents of their souls," by carrying out the "verte-canem-ex" to its fullest extent, and regarding steeple-chases as abominable remnants of the dark ages, and not

half so well adapted for leisure hours as Number Ninety.

But we have carried on our subject to an unusual length, and we had well nigh forgotten that it is as easy to be heavy on paper as on the scales. Like a cautious sportsman, therefore, we must pull up in time, lest "gentlemen all" should groan over us when finish.

ed, as an old huntsman once did over his young welter-weight master when he got stuck in ploughed—" Lord have mercy on us he's too heavy for anything!"

The Druid.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1842.

PAST TIMES OF P. PODAGRA, ESQ.-No. II.

I was once extremely fond of yachting, though I now perfectly agree with Hesiod, who allows sailing only to be tolerably safe for fifty days after the summer solstice. "Though some reckless men," says the old Bootian, "will venture to sea in the spring, I for my part do not approve it: you must snatch the opportunity, and you will hardly escape destruction; yet even such risks will men run from perversity of mind. Remember how dreadful to die in the waves." I had read Hesiod, but still in the merry days of youth, loved yachting, and gladly availed myself of the invitation to join a friend in the Isle of Wight in the summer of 182-. There was an additional attraction in the place. My good wife, then pretty Fanny M—, was at the time staying with some friends at Cowes. I have many pleasing recollections of those "Past Times:" a ball on board Lord Yarborough's Falcon, where all was pine-apples and champagne; a pic-nic to the Beaulieu river, where all was puddles and parapluies. However, that was nothing to me. Vogue la galére was my motto; and, with Fanny on my arm, it was not a little could discompose me. Once I was rather thrown out, I must confess.

A party was made to sail to Portsmouth; I got pressed to go with Lord B—— in his Toga, while Fanny prudishly persisted in sailing with her friends the M——s in their yacht, the Nightmare. Portsmouth had been fixed upon by these high-souled merry-makers on account of the fair, which then filled the High-street, scenting the air with the effluvium of gingerbread, happily heightened with tobacco; and after seeing all that was to be seen, it was arranged that all the party should unite on board the Nightmare to take their luncheon. As the Toga reached Portsmouth before the M-s, we all defiled into the High-street, and formed as much a spectacle for wonderment to the country people there assembled as Punch himself. Lord B.'s gold-laced cap gave rise to the idea that he must be the Lord High Admiral at least, while the rest of the well-dressed party were gratuitously dubbed Lords and Ladies, and created in the crowded street a greater sensation than new Peerages in these days are wont to occasion. All this was delightful to us, who were determined to be delighted; but after a due inspection of the wonders of the fair, all began to wish the arrival of the sumpter yacht: I had already cursed its slow sailing most devoutly. Thinking it could not be now far distant, we proceeded to the Lines to make a survey; and there the invigorating sight presented itself of the Nightmare beating up prettily enough against the tide, which had turned, and the wind that had veered round two

points to the Eastward.

"Come, she cannot be longer than half an hour," said Lord B—, taking out his watch; "the Toga would do it in a quarter; but I'll take a bet with any one that M—does not bring up before the Clarence Rooms, as he proposes, before thirty minutes."

There was a Scotchman in the party who never refused a bet in his life; and who, moreover, feeling spiteful at what he called "B—"'s running the Toga down everybody's throat," accepted

that of the Earl instantly.

The amount was soon settled, and the thing seemed more likely than anything else to give an interest to the duration of the next half-hour. If sighs of hungry hearts could have done anything towards assisting the Nightmare to make better way, the bet of Lord B—— would have had much chance of entering the Leviathan pouch of the doughty Chieftain of S-, already the receptacle of many a Southron's gage. But as these ardent aspirations, assisted as they were by some wishes of a less gastronomic nature, were nothing effective in expediting the lagging movements of the richly-laden yacht—a very argosy of good cheer—it was soon evident that the Earl was likely to make a good thing by his bet, even though he had to wait for his luncheon. To those who had not his consolation, the little way made by the Nightmare in every tack was no small source of disquiet; for, a truth be it spoken, we were all getting deucedly tired of each other. Some were pinched by hunger, some by their shoes, while others had said all their best things to one pair of ears, when they had been intended to be let off at the luncheon for the benefit of many: such was the emergency of the times. At length this appalling exclamation escaped the lips of C-, "By Jove, she's ashore!"

It was too fearfully correct. Just below Fort Monckton, there lay the Nightmare, her sails flapping in the wind, her hull as sta-

tionary as the Cordilleras.

"The devil burn M— and his schooner in the same fire!" piously ejaculated C—. "What spirit of mischief took him so near in the shore in an ebb-tide? Why the steamers daren't venture where that crack-brained fellow is sticking in the mud!"

"Nay, you are too hard upon poor M—," said Lord B—, warmed into a generous defence of his friend by the fifty guineas his mal-addresse had gained him. "You see he would have made the buoy off the Clarence Rooms the next reach, if there had been

a little more water."

"A little more devil! brains were scarcer than salt-water, I believe." returned C—— in a sulky tone. Then in an instant brightening up, he said, "Come, B——, what say you to another fifty? I'll take a wherry from the Point with four men; you take the Toga's boat with the same number, and let us see who'll run alongside the Nightmare first, starting from the Sally Port."

I stayed not to hear the conclusion, but, taking the hint, darted like lightning to the Point; and with every thread of canvas af-

forded by the "Strive-to-please-of-Portsea" spread, and impelled by the favoring tide, was beneath the stern of the Nightmare before either Lord B—— or C—— had cleared the strong current running out of the harbor. They reached the yacht, however, in time to take charge of the perigords and champagne; but it was P. P. and the "Strive-to-please" which bore Fanny M—— to the Toga, where our luncheon was to be discussed.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Jan., 1842.

SCOTCH AGRICULTURE, SPORTING, ETC.

MEETING OF THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT BERWICK-LORD ELCHO'S HOUNDS-MR. ROBERTSON'S HOUNDS-THE BORDER GAMES.

It must be confessed that rail roads are a great luxury as a means of conveyance from one point to another; and although they have dreadfully cut up many hunting countries, and perhaps thereby decreased the number of some Fields, still by affording so rapid a communication from London and other large towns, they have greatly contributed to the increase of others. A trip to Scotland, which a few years ago used to be a week's job, is now performed in a night and day; you may actually drink tea in London one day, and dine at Berwick the next. This was my fate in the end of last September. We left London by the mail train, and proceeded as far as Rugby on the Birmingham line; then we got on the Midland Counties Railway, and went on it to Derby, where one of the finest stations in Great Britain has been erected: it contains every luxury and convenience for the traveller, the feeding is excellent, and the prices are very moderate. From Derby to York, and from York to Darlington, the railways you go on are, the North Midland-the York and North Midland-and the North of England. The whole of the distance from London to Darlington is done in twelve hours and twenty minutes, the arrivals and departures throughout the whole line being punctual to a minute. Certainly, barring having your head smashed or losing a leg or an arm, railway-travelling is very delightful; and really, as respects accidents, they generally occur through the wilful neglect or foolhardiness of the person injured. Of course, when the fault is on the part of the railway proprietors, or their servants, it ought to be very severely punished in the shape of fines, &c.

The civility you meet with on the whole of this line ought not to go unmentioned; and, as one instance of it, I need only say, that a few miles from York my hat was blown off, and of course we could not wait to pick it up, not only did one of the directors send a man specially for it, but it was forwarded to me next day to Berwick by the mail, free of expense. I was rather amazed at the philanthropy of an old Scotch shepherd on the occasion I have just

alluded to. I was complaining bitterly at the loss of my hat, which is anything but a pleasant adventure at the beginning of a journey, and perhaps expressed my grief in rather strong terms, when my friend says, "You may just e'en consider yourself lucky it is no waur, it might have been your ain head!" However, before our journey was over I had an opportunity of returning the compliment. It so happened that this gentleman "fra the North" had under his charge somewhere about thirty or forty of the Highland cattle. which were penned up in open boxes surrounded by a strong fourfeet paling. One of these mountaineers, probably finding the railway train too fast for him, sprang over the paling, which he cleared in gallant style, and landed safely on the embankment; and, strange to say, was not the least hurt by his feat, although at the time we were going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The lamentations of my friend the philosopher at the loss of his calf were much more vehement than mine at the loss of my hat. Upon which, having by this time regained my equanimity, I merely shrugged my shoulders, and said "It might have been waur!" wi', who was near me, added, "It might have been your ain calves!" looking at the same time at the Highlander's meagre pair of understanders.

The renowned and ancient town of Berwick-upon-Tweed was all on the qui vive in consequence of the Highland and Agricultural Society having fixed on it this year as their rendezvous. It is impossible to speak too highly of this Society, to which the whole kingdom, and especially the Highlands, are so much indebted for the improvement and encouragement of agriculture. Independently of "the Show," which was of course the great object of the meeting, the inhabitants of Berwick and the local committee had devised divers other amusements, including fancy-fairs, balls, dinner-parties, horticultural exhibitions, a regatta, hawking, hunting, &c. The meeting was most numerously and respectably attended, and according to all accounts the best managed of any that has hitherto taken place. A very handsome pavilion was erected, where the great dinners and the balls were held. Nearly 2000 persons were present at the "show dinner," and a most interesting and truly British sight it was to see an assembly composed of landlords and tenants of almost every shade of rank and fortune from both sides of the Tweed sitting down at the same jovial board, united by one common bond, namely, the encouragement of agriculture. Politics were dropped, ancient feuds were forgotten, and noble Dukes boasted of the honor of being "British Farmers." Among the most distinguished of the visitors were, the Dukes of Richmond, Northumberland, Buccleuch, and Roxburghe, Lords Tweedale, Ossulston, Howick, F. Fitzclarence, Elcho, &c. Lord John Scott was there with his yacht, the Lufra, 80 tons; but the regatta was limited to a Sailing Match between some fishing-boats and two or three boat races.

In the Show-yard some splendid cattle were exhibited. The bull that obtained the first prize (100gs.) was sold to Messrs. Tempest and Whitaker (Yorkshire) for £200. This animal, "The Buchan

Hero," is considered a most perfect specimen, and it may be interesting to some of your readers to give his pedigree, were it only to shew the attention and care with which the ancestors of these animals are registered, equalling almost that of the Egyptians for the parentage of their horses:-Sire, Whitebull (got by Young Ladykirk out of one Sister, the Romulus Cow,) dam by Young Broadhooks; Young Broadhooks got by Young Ladykirk by Albion; g. d. Europa by Sirius; g. g. d. Short-tail by Wellington; g. g. g. d. Honeysuckle by Sultan; g. g. g. g. d. Juno by Signor. This cow is from Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk's best stock, both by dam Fire.—The show of hunters and thoroughbreds was rather meagre. The first prize was awarded to Dardanelles (or rather Darda-Needles; as I heard some one call him,) 7 years old, belonging to Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk; he is a very fine horse, with great power and pluck; the second best, Patron by Partisan, also belonged to Mr. Robertson: both these horses have since been shipped for New South Wales, but unfortunately they died in the Channel. Of horses of the cart breed, the number and quality was much

Friday was a grand day, especially for the Sportsman. programme contained, amongst other things, Lord Elcho's hounds in the morning, and hawking in the afternoon. Lord Elcho met at Mordington, about three miles from Berwick: the Field was not as numerous as might have been expected, but in consequence of the immense number of people assembled at Berwick, I fancy it was thought advisable to keep it quiet .- A fox was soon found, and after a brisk run to the westward, we lost him in covert; however, the huntsman and the gallant pack were too much for him, for we soon found him again, and ran him to earth near Fairnie Castle, a distance of ten miles in a straight line from where found. This was doing pretty well for what was called merely Cub-hunting, for His Lordship did not begin his regular Meets in Berwickshire till the first week in November. He has a splendid pack, and both he and his men are capitally mounted. I am happy to say that there are plenty of foxes, and with the exception perhaps of one or two keepers, who ought to be taught better, there are no Vulcepides in the neighborhood: this I believe is greatly to be attributed to the urbanity and liberal conduct of the Master, who is a favorite whereever he goes. I heard an instance of a farmer losing fifteen turkeys one night, and as he was loading his gun the next morning with the view of taking a summary vengeance on the head of poor Reynard wherever he might be found, he thus addressed his wife-" I canna for the life o' me kill the cratur, for His Lordship, I know, would almost as soon think of shooting one of his bairns;" and upon this he drew the charge and laid down his fowling-piece. With such prospects as these, a man with three or four good horses at Dunse (Lord Elcho's head quarter) is not at all to be pitied. some very good cattle to be seen at this Melton of the North when I was there, including some regular clippers of Lord Saltoun. favorite Meets are, Dunse Wood, Mordington, Ladykirk, Grenlow, Swinton-mill l'oll-bar, &c.

Of Mr. Robertson's hounds I am able to give a more minute description than of Lord Elcho's, as I had an opportunity of seeing the former in their kennels, a pleasure I did not enjoy as regards the latter. Having an idle day at Berwick, I got a hack of Mr. Barclay, who has generally something pretty decent, and whom I can recommend to any stranger as a very obliging and civil trades-It is true that the nag he mounted me on is said to have caused the death of its late master, but probably "a wee drap" too much of the mountain dew may have rendered him rather top-heavy. At all events he carried me safe to Coldstream, and back again eventually to Berwick.—Desirous of seeing some of Mr. Robertson's country, I proceeded along the side of the Tweed, and well was I repaid for my digression from the usual route, by a visit to the beautiful little village of Etal, and the bold romantic site of Ford The latter is the property of the Marquis of Waterford, who, much to his credit, is not only spending large sums of money on his own residence there, but is completely rebuilding the village, and letting out excellent cottages at a rent usually paid for Lord F. Fitzclarence and his amiable Lady are also doing a great deal for Etal, where they have a delightful residence; and, thanks to their hospitality; it is one of Mr. Robertson's most popular Meets. The preserves around it appear well stocked with pheasants, but nevertheless I am told there are plenty of foxes. Indeed there is no want of the latter on either side of the Tweed now: on dit that some foreigners have lately been imported, but I

don't know this on any good authority. The ford at Etal I found impassable in consequence of the late rains, so I had to go some miles round by the bridge: and passing by the far-famed field of Flodden and Twizel Castle, I arrived in the afternoon at Coldstream, where I put up my horse and proceeded at once to the kennel. Mr. Treadwell (the Huntsman) was not in when I first arrived, but I found Hughburne (the second Whip,) who very civilly showed me all over the kennels, and turned out the packs for my inspection. The dog pack average about 24 inches in height, and are strong well-made hounds; but the "bitch-pack" is my favorite; 22½ inches, beautifully sleek, capital condition, and as fast as the wind. A common notion prevails that this pack is mute; but Treadwell told me that such is very far from being the case: perhaps the fact is, that when once they get away, it is not every one who can hear them. Indeed I heard a gentleman from Berwick say as much: one day he was complaining of the pack, and said "he had never seen such hounds in his life; that the moment they found they were out of covert like a shot out of a shovel, and the devil-a-bit did you ever see or hear anything more of them." I was only out with them once, and then they certainly gave tongue when they found; although I must confess, I should say that there was not quite as much music afterwards as I have heard with many other packs. That day (I think it was the Monday after the Showweek) they met at Longridge, found almost immediately, and away they went their best pace up the Dean, then turning southward they ran into their fox near Marton, after a pretty sharp though not very long run.

The pack consists altogether of $49\frac{1}{2}$ couples, of which $14\frac{1}{2}$ couples are young dogs entered this year, $10\frac{1}{2}$ were entered in 1840, 10 in 1838, $3\frac{1}{2}$ in 1837, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in 1836, $3\frac{1}{2}$ in 1835, and 3 in 1834. There are some very handsome hounds among those entered this year: they are well under command, and answer at once to their names on being drawn from the pack. Warrior, by Mr. Horlock's Warrior out of Fairmaid, is a splendid dog; Longridge, Ladykirk, and Sportsman, also deserve to be honorably mentioned, as is said at the Cattle Shows, as well as Vanguard and Victor, both by Vanquisher out of Symmetry. The only other name I can record is that of Syren, a gallant hound eight years old—sire, Duke of Rutland's Wonder, dam, his Syren.

Just as I had done looking at the hounds Mr. Treadwell came in, and most obligingly took me through the stables at the kennel, as well as those where Mr. Robertson keeps his private stud, taking the cloths off, and giving me a short account of each horse as we went on. At the kennel there are sixteen hunters and one hack, which is a very liberal allowance for three men four days a-week. It is useless to give the names of them all: suffice it to say, that they are a very good lot, and that the men are quite satisfied with them. Treadwell is by no means a light weight, nor indeed is the Master himself, but I hear they are always in their places. Of Mr. Robertson's private stud I saw seven or eight, including a thoroughbred hack (a regular varmint;) Falcon, 16 hands, up to any weight; Olympic, 10 years old; and a grey that would do credit to any hunting stable in England.

Mr. Robertson's country is very extensive, and the Meets are often necessarily at a considerable distance from the kennel: under these circumstances a few horses are generally quartered from time to time near the principal Meets, and the hounds are conveyed in a very nice roomy carriage with a pair of horses to and from them. Lowick, Felkington, Longridge, New Etal, Haggerstone, &c. are among the best: in many parts of the three first the coun-

try is almost like a race course.

At Etal, of which I have already spoken as being a favorite place of meeting with Mr. Robertson's hounds, we had an opportunity of witnessing the "Border Games." These athletic exercises, to which great encouragement is given by Lord F. Fitzclarence and the gentry of the neighborhood, take place annually, and in general are well attended. Unfortunately the weather this year was anything but propitious; but, barring a wetting, the display of strength and skill was well worthy of a visit. The games began by quoitplaying; then came "The Running, Hop, Step, and Leap," for a silver medal: for this there were six competitors, and after a great struggle the prize was won by a weaver from Howick in Roxburghshire, who cleared 38 feet 7 inches. The weather being so wet had rendered the ground very slippery, but notwithstanding that disadvantage 31 feet 1 inch was actually cleared in a standing hop, step, and leap. Then came the Running Single Leap; three Rising Leaps; a Foot Race of 150 yards; a Foot Race of 300 yards; and a Sack Race: this last afforded much amusement, and was won by an individual with only one leg.

Putting a Ball (16th. weight) with one hand direct from the shoulder was the next thing in the list:—the greatest throw was 36 feet 6 inches. A ball weighing 21th. was thrown 31 feet 9 inches by the same man. The medal for the best Standing High Leap, over an half-inch horizontal bar, was won by a blacksmith

named Young, who cleared 4 feet.

But what to me was the most interesting exhibition of all was "Throwing the Hammer." This is done by holding the hammer at the extremity of the handle, and bringing it several times round and then letting it go. The light hammer weighed $10\frac{1}{4}$ lb., and the heavy hammer 16 lb. The latter was thrown 109 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches by Mr. Stevenson, a young farmer about twenty-two years of age, who also hurled the former the astonishing distance of 151 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches! The other throws of the hammer varied from about 102 feet to 107; and of the light one, from 140 to 150 feet. The prize awarded to Mr. Stevenson was a handsomely silver-mounted "Mull," with an appropriate inscription engraved on it, recording the feat and the name of the liberal donor, Lord F. Fitzclarence.

In consequence of the rain some of the sports, including archery and rifle shooting, were postponed sine die.—Hawking, which I had intended should have formed a leading feature in this epistle, must I fear submit to a similar fate, although from a different cause—namely, want of time and space. However, I trust that in the New Year we shall not only find both time and space, but that we shall also have fine weather to enjoy them.

A Devonian.

November, 1841.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Jan. 1812.

THE NEW TALE OF A TUB;

AN ADVENTURE IN VERSE,

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ.

Illustrated for the "Turf Register," after Designs in the "Bengal Sporting Magazine."

OPENING THE QUESTION.

THE Orient day was fresh and fair,

A breeze sang soft in the ambient air,

Men almost wondered to find it there,

Blowing so near Bengal;

Where waters bubble as boiled in a pot,

And the gold of the sun spreads melting hot,

And there's hardly a breath of wind to be got

At any price at all!

Unless, indeed, when the great Simoom

Gets up from its bed with the voice of doom;

And deserts no rains e'er drench,

Rise up and roar with a dreadful gust,

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Pillars of sand and clouds of dust Rushing unsifted, and rapid to burst, And filling all India's throat with a thirst That its Ganges couldn't quench!

No great Simoom rose up to-day,
But only a gentle breeze,
And that of such silent and voiceless play,
That a Lady's bustle
Had made more rustle,
Than it did among the trees!
'Twas not like the breath of a British vale,
Where each green acre is blest with a gale
Whenever the natives please;
But it was of that soft, inviting sort,
That it tempted to revel in pic-nic sport
A couple of Bengalese!

Two Bengalese
Resolved to seize
The balmy chance of that cool-wing'd weather,
To revel in Bengal Ease together.
One was tall, the other was stout,
They were natives both of the glorious East,
And both so fond of a rural feast,
That off they roamed to a country plain
Where the breeze roved free about,
That during its visit brief, at least
If it never were able to blow again,
It might blow upon their blow-out!

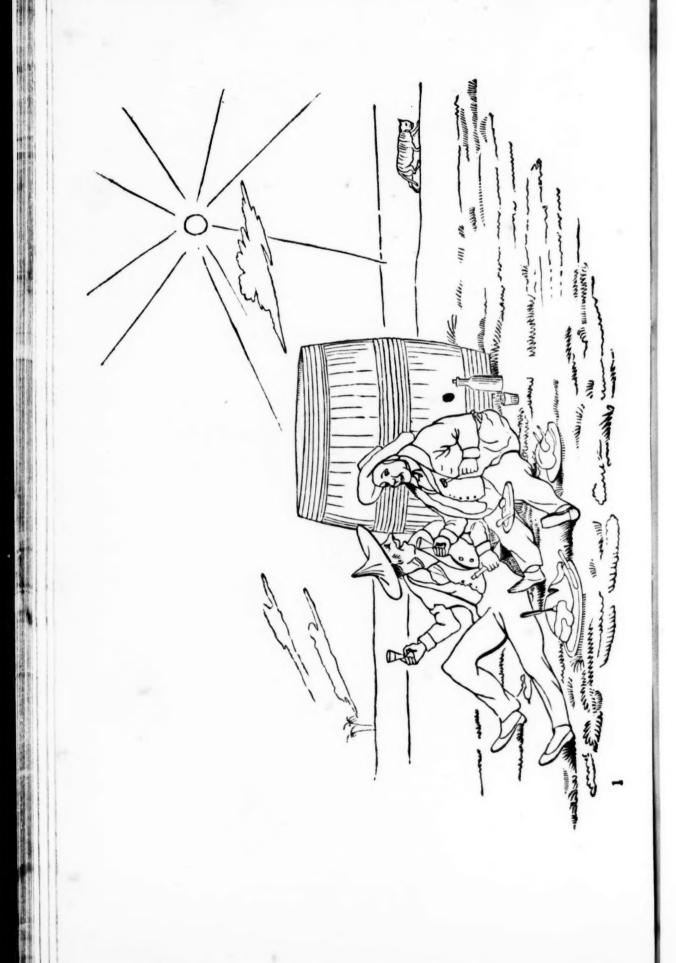
The country plain gave a view as small
As ever man clapped his eyes on,
Where the sense of sight did easily pall,
For it kept on seeing nothing at all,
As far as the far horizon!
Nothing at ail! Oh! what do I say?
Something certainly stood in the way,
Offending the eye, as Jack Sheppard the gay,
Once offended the eye of Thames Darrell;
It was a sort of hermaphrodite thing,
It might have been filled with sugar or ling,
But 'tis very unfit for a Muse to sing,
Betwixt a tub and a barrel!

It stood in the midst of that Indian plain,
Burning with sunshine and waiting for rain,

—A parenthesis balanced 'twixt pleasure and pain—
And as stiff as if it were starching;

When up to it, over the brown and green
Of that Indian soil, were suddenly seen
Two gentlemen anxiously marching!

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These two gentlemen were, if you please,
The aforesaid couple of Bengalese!
And the tub or barrel that stood beyond—
For short, we will call it tub—
Contained with pride,
In its jolly inside,
The prize of which they were doatingly fond,
The aforesaid gentlemen's grub!

"Leave us alone—come man or come beast,"
Said the eldest, "we'll soon have a shy at the feast."
They are gone to their pic-nic with might and with main,
But what do we see in the front of the plain?
A jungle, a thicket of bush, weed, and grass,
And in it reposing—O no! not an ass—
Not an ass, not an ass,
That could not come to pass—
No donkey, no donkey, no donkey at all,
But superb in his slumber, a Royal Bengal!

Tho' Royal, he wasn't a King!
No such thing!
He didn't rule lands from the Thames to the Niger,
But he did hold a reign
O'er that jungle and plain,
And besides, was a very magnificent Tiger.

There he lay,
In his skin so gay,
His passions at rest, and his appetites curbed;
A Minister Prime,
In his proudest time,
Asleep, was never less undisturbed,
For who would come to shake him;
Nor more certain sure,
In his dream demure,
That none would dare to wake him.
Oh the royal snore is the only thing
That's entitled to rouse up a Tiger-King.

BENGAL EASE.

The Bengalese, in cool apparel,

Meanwhile have reached their pic-nic barrel;
In other words, they have tossed the grub
Out of their great provision tub,
And standing it up for shelter,
Sit guzzling underneath its shade,
With a glorious dinner ready made,
Which they're eating helter-skelter!
Ham and chicken, and bread and cheese,

They make a pass
To spread on the grass.

They sit at their ease,
Their plates on their knees,
And now their hungry jaws they appease,
And now they turn to the glass;
For Hodgson's ale
Is genuine pale,
And the bright champagne
Flows not in vain,
The most convivial souls to please
Of these very thirsty Bengalese!
But one of the two has relinquished his fork,
And wakes up the Tiger by drawing a cork!

Blurting and spirting! List! O list!

Perhaps the Tiger thinks he is hissed! Effervescing and whizzed and phizzed! Perhaps His Majesty thinks he is quizzed, Or haply deems,

As he's roused from his dreams,
That his visions have come to a thirsty stop,
And resolves to moisten his throat with a drop.
At all events, with body and soul,
He gives in his jungle a stretch and a roll,
Then regally rises to go for a stroll,
With a temperate mind,
For a beast of his kind,
And a tail uncommonly long behind!

He knows of no water,

By field or by flood;

He does not seek slaughter,

He does not scent blood;

No! the utmost scope
Of his limited hope,

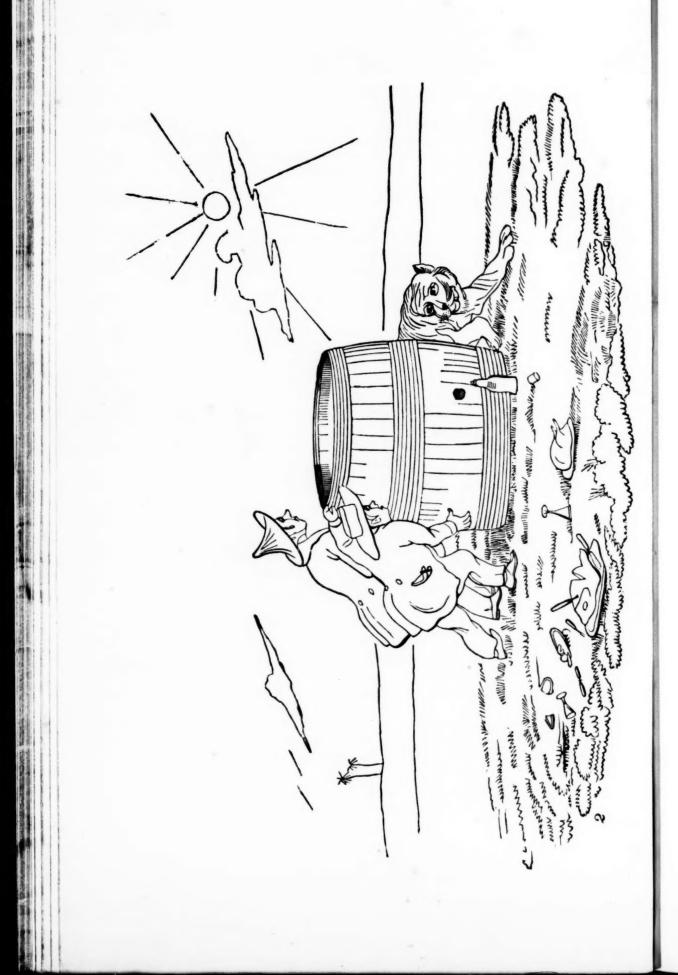
Is, that soon as the Bengalese find he arrives,
They'll not rise from their pic-nic and run for their lives,
But simply bow from that beautiful plain,
And offer Sir Tiger a glass of champagne!
"From my jungle it true is,
They 'woke me, I think,
So the least you can do is

THE ARTFUL DODGE.

To give me a drink."

Gently the Tiger crouches along, Humming a kind of animal song; A sweet, subdued, familiar lay, As ever was warbled by beast of prey;





And all so softly, tunefully done,
That it made no more sound
Than his tail on the ground,
And the Bengalese heard it, never a one!

Gently Tiger steals along,
"Mild as moon-beam," meek as a lamb;
What so suddenly changes his song
From a tune to a growl?
"Och, by my soul,

Nothing on earth but the smell of the ham!

He quickens his pace, The illigant baste, And he's running a race

With himself, for a taste,

And he's taken to roaring, and given up humming, Just to let the two Bengalese know he is coming!"

What terrors seize
The Bengalese!
Short-and-Stout, with his hair all grey,
Has a rattling note
In his jolly old throat;
If he'd choked his laugh with a truss of hay,

Or been dunned for a bill which he couldn't pay, He couldn't more surely have stifled the gay. While Tall-and-Thin, with his hair all carrotty,

> Looks thrice as red— With fright—as his head, And his face bounds plump, At a single jump,

Into horror, and out of hilarity!

All they can hear,
In their terrible fear,
Behind and before,
Is the Tiger's roar;
Again and again—
Over the plain—
Clearer and clearer—
Nearer and nearer:

Into the tub, now, its way it has found,
Where its echoes keep rolling round and round,
Till out of the bung-hole they bursting come,
Like a regiment of thunders escaped from a drum!
If an earthquake had shattered a thousand kegs,
The terrified Bengalese couldn't—i' fegs—
Have leapt more rapidly on to their legs!
He's at them, he's on them, the jungle guest:
When a man's life by peril is prest,
His wits will sometimes be at their best;
And so the presence of Tiger, I find,
Inspires our heroes with presence of mind!

There's no time to be lost,
Down the glasses are tost;
The Bengalese have abandoned their grub,
And they're dodging their gentleman round the tub!
Active and earnest they nowhere lodge,
And he can't get at them because of their dodge;
Short-and-Stout and Tall-and-Thin,
Never before such a scrape were in;
Nor ever yet used—can you well have a doubt of it!—
So commonly artful a dodge to get out of it!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Tiger keeps prowling,
Howling and growling;
He feels himself that their dodge is clever,
And thinks 'twill surely be ended—never;
But the quick, fresh blood of the Bengalese,
Nicer and nicer, he snuffs on the breeze!
The more they practice their dodge recitals,
The more he longs to dine on their vitals!
His passion is up; his hunger is keen!
His jaws are ready! his teeth are clean!

And equal their limbs to sever!

The fire is flashing in light from his eyes!

In his own peculiar manner he cries—

The while they shine, "If I mean to dine, I had better begin," And then with a grin,

And a voice the loudest that ever was heard, He roared "Never trust to a Tiger's word,

If this dodge shall last for ever!

No, no, no, no—

It shall be no go!

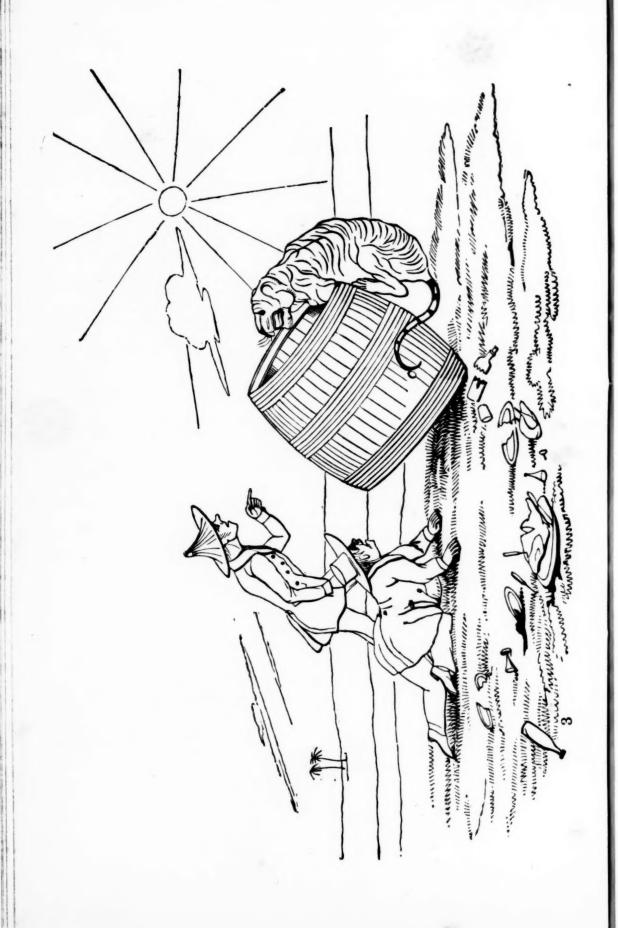
There's a way of disturbing this tub's repose; So down on your knees, You Bengalese,

And prepare to be eaten up, if you please;
Here goes!
Here goes!

Here goes! here goes!" and he gave a spring,
The gentlemen looking for no such thing,
Might have fallen a prey to the Tiger-King,
But a certain interference,
Which bursts from their most intelligent tub,
May enable them yet to return to their grub,
On this self-same plain a year hence!
The tub, though empty of roll and ration,
Is full of a certain preservation—

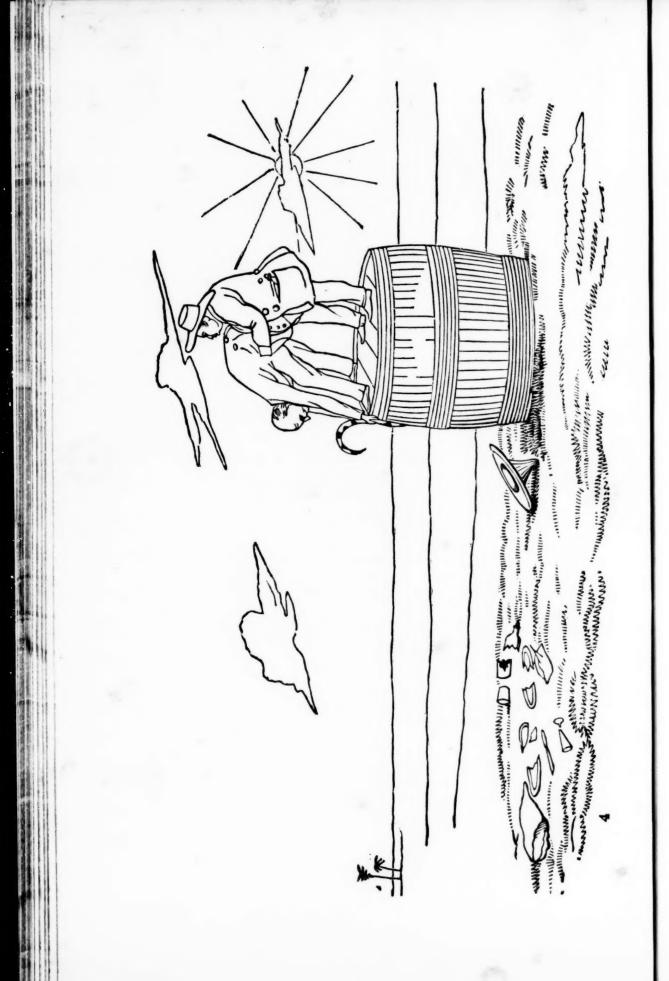
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Of which-though it does not follow In every case of argumentation-It is full because it is hollow? For not having a top, and no inside things, It turns top-heavy when Tiger springs! And making a kind of balancing pause, Keeps holding the animal up by the claws, In a manner which seems to fret it; While Short-and-Stout. In a state of doubt, Keeps on his belly a sharp look-out; And Tall-and-Thin, With an impudent grin, Exults in his way, As much as to say, " I only wish you may get it! But much as I may respect your agility, I don't see at present the least probability !"

UNDER COVER.

The Tiger has leapt up heart and soul,
It's clear that he means to go the whole
Hog, in his hungry efforts to seize,
The two defianceful Bengalese!
But the tub! the tub!
Ay, there is the rub!
At present he's balanced a top of the tub!
His fore legs inside,
And the rest of his hide,
Not weighing so much as his head and his legs,
And having no hand in
A pure understandin'
Of the just equilibrium of casks and of kegs,
Nor bred up in attics,
And taught mathematics,

To work out the problems of Euclid with pegs!

He has plunged with the impetus wild of a lover,

And the tub has loomed large, balanced, paused, and turned over!

The Tiger at first had a hobby-horse ride,
But now he is decently quartered inside,
And the question is next, long as Fortune may frown on him,
How the two Bengalese are to keep the tub down on him!

'Bout this there's no blunder,
The tub he is under.

I need not run my verse to the end of a sonnet,
To tell how the Bengalese both jumped upon it,
While the beautiful barrel keeps acting as bonnet
To the Tiger inside,
Who, no more in his pride,

Can roam o'er the jungle and plain,
But sheltered alike from the sun and the rain,
Around its interior his sides deign to rub
With a fearful hubbub,
And longs for his freedom again!

The two Bengalese,
Not at all at their ease,
Hear him roar, and deplore
Their prospects as sore,
Forgetting both pic-nic and flask;
Each wondering, dumb,
What of both will become,
Helps the other to press on the cask;
Resigned to their fate,
But increasing their weight,
By action of muscle and sinew,
In order that forcibly you, Mr. Tub,
Whom their niggers this morning rolled here with their grub,
May still keep the Tiger within you.

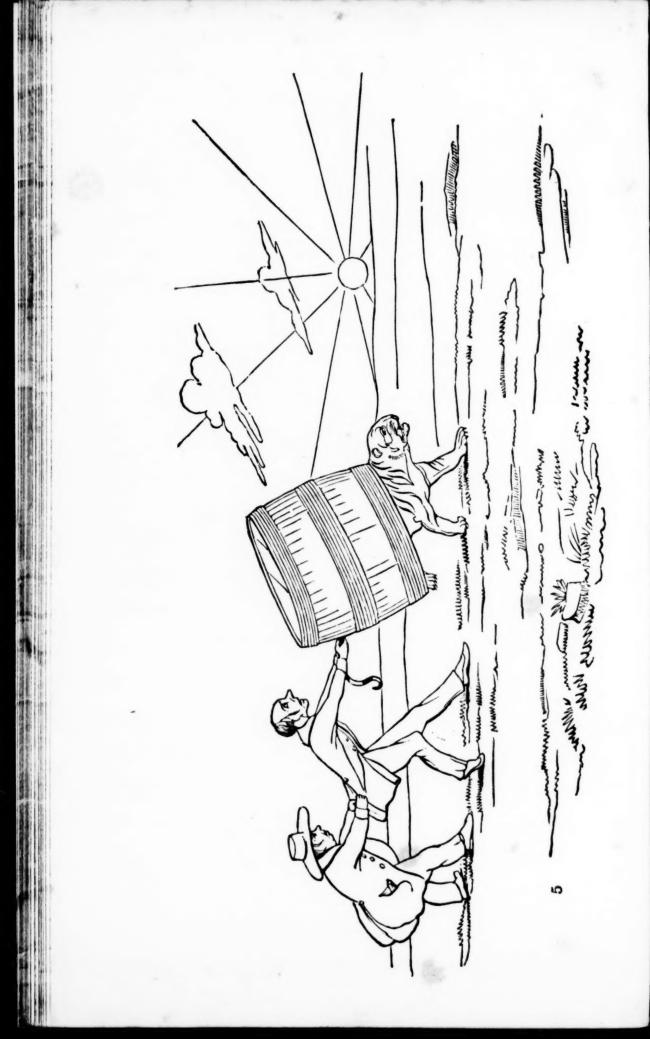
On the top of the tub, in the warmest of shirts,
The thin man stands, while the fat by his skirts
Holds—anxiously puffing and blowing;
And the thin peers over the top of the cask,
"Is there any hope for us?" as much as to ask,
With a countenance cunning and knowing;
And just as he mournfully 'gins to bewail,
In a grief-song that ought to be sung whole,
He twigs the long end of the Tiger's tail,
As it twists itself out of the bung-hole!
Then, sharp on the watch,
To give it a catch,

And shouts to the Tiger, "You've now got your match; You may rush and may riot, may wriggle and roar, But I'm blest if I let your tail go any more! It's as safe as a young roasted pig in a larder, And no two Bengalese could hold on to it harder!"

INCREASING THE INTEREST OF THE TAIL.

With the Tiger's tail clenched fast in his fist,
And his own coat tail grasped fast to assist,
Stands Tall-and-Thin, with Short-and-Stout,
Each on the top of the tub to scout,
Tiger within and they without,
And all in a pretty pickle!
Tiger begins by giving a bound;
The tub's half turned, but the men are found
To have very carefully jumped to the ground,
At trifles they must not stickle.





It's no use quaking and turning pale.

Pluck and patience must now prevail,

They must keep a hold on the Tiger's tail,

And neither one be fickle!

There they must pull, if they pull for weeks, Straining their stomachs and bursting their cheeks, While Tiger alternately roars and squeaks,

Trying to break away from them;

They must keep the tub turned over his back,

And never let his long tail get slack,

For fear he should win the day from them. Yes! yes! they must hold him tight,

From night till morning! from morn till night!

Mustn't stop to think! Mustn't stop to drink! Mustn't stop to weep! Mustn't stop to sleep!

No cry! no laugh! no rest! no grub! Till they starve the Tiger under the tub!

> Till the animal dies, To his own surprise,

With two Bengalese in a deadly quarrel, And his tail thrust through the hole of a barrel!

Oh dear! oh dear!
It's very clear
They can't live so—
But they daren't let go

Fate for a pitying world to wail,
Starving behind a Tiger's tail!

If Invention be Necessity's son,
Now let him tell them what's to be done;
What's to be done? ha! I see a grin

Of joy on the face of Tall-and-Thin,

Some new device

He has hit in a trice,

The which he is telling all about
To the gratified gentleman, Short-and-Stout.

What's to be done?
What precious fun!

Haven't they found out what's to be done?
See! see!

What glorious glee!

Note! mark!

What a capital lark!
Tiger and tub, and bung-hole and all,
Baffled by what is about to befall;
Excellent! marvellous! beautiful! O!

Isn't it now an original go !

What ! stop!
I'm ready to drop!

...,

Hold! stay!

I'm fainting away!

Laughter I'm certain will kill me to-day;

And Short-and-Stout is bursting his skin,

And almost in a fit is Tall-and-Thin,

And Tiger is free, yet they do not quail,

Though temper has all gone wrong with him;

No! they've tied a knot in the Tiger's tail.

No! they've tied a knot in the Tiger's tail,

And he carries the tub along with him;

He's a freehold for life with a tail out of joint,

And has made his last climax a

TRUE KNOTTY POINT.

PEDIGREE OF WOODPECKER.

Allusion to the discovery of the pedigree of the distinguished race-horse and stallion Woodpecker, was made in the "Spirit of the Times" some time since, but until recently we were not in possession of the facts in the premises. The owners of this fine horse, that for several years has been standing in Kentucky with great success, have never seemed to manifest the slightest wish to have the doubts entertained by some of their fellow-citizens on the subject of his pedigree, cleared up. They have rather taken the ground that inasmuch as he was a first-rate race-horse himself, and the sire of race-horses of the highest character—and moreover, as he was doing a "business" profitable enough to be entirely satisfactory to them, they would "let well alone." Many breeders, however, who were interested in Woodpecker's stock, have entertained quite a different feeling on the subject, and the result of their enquiries has been the production of the following certificate of Dr. WARFIELD, of Lexington, Ky., to which is appended a note by Mr. CLAY.

[COPY.]

I purchased at the sale of Mr. Charles Webb's estate, a bay mare called The Faun—the last colt, I believe, of the celebrated race-mare Shepherdess, got by the well known Medley horse called Craig's Alfred. Shepherdess was gut by Wormsley's King Herrod, grandam by Morton's imported horse Traveller, g. g. dam by the imported horse Whittington. Wormsley's King Herod was got by Baylor's old imported horse Fearnought, out of the imported mare Kitty Fisher by Cade, who was by Godolphin Arabian. Craig's Alfred was got by Hart's imported horse Medley, to whose pedigree refer. I sold this mare many years ago to the Hon. H. Clay, who bred her to imported Buzzard and obtained two colts from her—one a male and the other a female.

E. Warfield.

The Meadows, May 8, 1841.

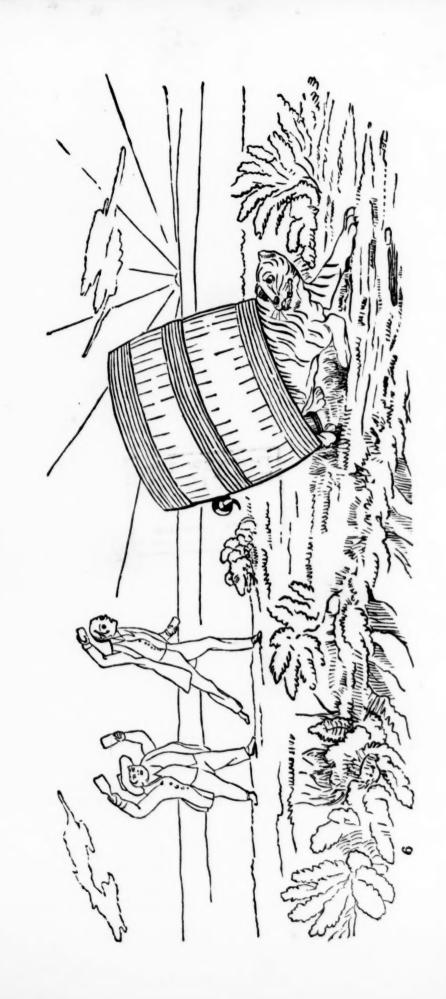
P. S. I believe the filly last above mentioned by Dr. Warfield, raised by me from The Faun mare, was the same that was afterwards owned by Mr. Tarlton, and was the dam of Woodpecker, &c.

Lexington, Ky., May 10, 1841.

The pedigrees of the horses named above may be found in previous numbers of this Magazine.

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ASTER, LENOX AND TILBEN FOUNDATIONS.



PERFORMANCES OF BEE'S-WING,

THE ENGLISH CRACK.

BEE's-WING, a bay mare, was bred in 1833 by her present owner, W. Orde, Esq., of Nunnykirk, Northumberland. Her sire was the celebrated Dr. Syntax; her dam (winner of the Filly Stakes at Doncaster in 1820, the only time of her starting, and the dam also of Lawn-sleeves, Emancipation, Tomboy, &c.), by Ardrossan, out of Lady Eliza by Whitworth—X Y Z's dam by Spadille—Sylvia by Young Marske.

BEE's-wing made her first appearance in public, when twoyears-old, for the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle in 1835; in which she was not placed, owing to having run out in making the Coal Pit turn. In the same year she won the Champagne Stakes at

Doncaster, and at Richmond 100 sovs., beating four others.

In 1836, at Newcastle, she won the St. Leger Stakes and the

Gold Cup.

In 1837, at Doncaster, she won the Cleveland Stakes and the Gold Shield; at Richmond, she walked over for the Gold Cup and Her Majesty's Plate, and also for the Gold Cup at Northallerton.

In 1838, BEE's-wing won the Gold Cup at Catterick; at New-castle, the Craven Stakes, the Silver Flagon, and the Gold Cup; at Doncaster the Fitzwilliam Stakes; and walked over for Her Majesty's Guineas at Lincoln, and the Gold Cup at Northallerton.

In 1839, she won the Craven Stakes and the Gold Cup at Catterick; at Newcastle, the Craven Stakes and the Gold Cup; at York, Her Majesty's Guineas; at Stockton, the Gold Cup; at Richmond, she walked over for the Gold Cup, and won Her Majesty's Guineas; at Doncaster, the Fitzwilliam Stakes; and at Lincoln she walked over for Her Majesty's Guineas and the Gold Cup.

In 1840, Bee's-wing won the Cup Stakes at Catterick; at Newcastle, the Craven Stakes; at Lancaster, the Ashton Stakes and the Gold Cup; at York, Her Majesty's Guineas and Her Majesty's Plate for Mares; at Doncaster, the Fitzwilliam Stakes and the Cup or Piece of Plate of the value of 350gs.; at Kelso, after a dead heat with Lanercost, she walked over for the Roxburgh Cup, and won a Sweepstakes, with 50 sovs. added.

In 1841, at Chester, Bee's-wing won the Trial Stakes of 15 sovs. each (6 subs.), with 50 added by the Proprietors of the Dee Stand, and the Stand Cup of 150 sovs. value, in specie; at Newcastle, the Gold Cup; at Stockton, the Gold Cup; at Doncaster, the Doncaster Stakes, the Gold Cup, and the Hornby Castle Stakes; and at Richmond, the Cup and Her Majesty's Guineas.

BEE's-WING has started 59 times, and won 47 races, including 21 Cups.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for January 1843.

Notes of the Month.

MARCH.

THE NEW ORLEANS SPRING RACES.

The Jockey Club Meeting on the Louisiana Course, commences on the 3d Wednesday, 16th March, with a club purse of \$1500, for Four mile heats, and an inside stake of \$500 each, P.P.,—to close 15th February. Several stakes are also up for this meeting.

The Meeting on the Metarie Course comes off on the following week; the ball will be opened with the race for the St. Charles Plate, added to a stake of \$50 each, P.P., Two mile heats—now seven subs. To a purse of \$1500, Four mile heats, has been added an inside stake of \$500 each, P.P.,—subscribers to name on the evening previous. Five stakes are up for this meeting, beside the

usual liberal purses.

The number of stables from a distance at these two meetings, promises to be unusually large, but beyond all doubt, so many performers have never been assembled before. There are two stables from Alabama, especially, that will be most decided acquisitions; we refer to those of Messrs. Davis & RAGLAND. of Huntsville, and David Myers & Co, of Montgomery; the latter comprises the two cracks purchased recently of Col. CROWELL. The stables of Gen. SCOTT, Col. HARRISON, VANCE JOHNSON, TOM WATSON, Col. AVERITT, and BAT SMITH, Esq., will likewise be in attendance from Alabama. To meet these "formidables" is displayed the following list of Louisiana "redoubtables:"-DUNCAN F. KENNER & Brothers, THOS. J. WELLS & Brothers, Mr. DUPLANTIER, Hon. Judge Porter, Taylor & Garland, Mr. Schlatre, Sewell T. Taylor, Col. PARROTT, Mr. PERRY, Mr. LYNCH, Mr. GARRISON'S string from Virginia, and others. There are only two stables from Mississippi,-"but oh Lord!" Beating the cracks from Natchez isn't quite as easy as slipping off a slippery log. Did vou ever see a cat-fish trying to climb a lightning-rod? MAN's lot, like "Scott's lot" on the English Turf, is a host in itself, and Sarah Bladen's name "a tower of strength," notwithstanding Luda "popt her!" WM J. MINOR, Esq., has a promising lot, too. R. A. LEIGHTON ("Bob Layton") is coming all the way from Missouri-Capt. Tunstall, of Arkansas, and Col. Bob Smith, who has found his way there from Tennessee, is also expected, as are Col. White, and Lin. Coch. Old Kentuck sends a strong deputation in "Lucky Joe," "Old Frosty." and "Billy Greer"—(these are their "common," if not their "proper names.") The first named, Joseph G. Boswell, Esq., of Lexington, whom our friends of the "Picayune" have dubbed "Major," (he's not a "Georgia Major!") has been wintering his cavalry at Natchez. Mr. SHY and Mr. Greek have had, with a few rare exceptions, "the pick and choice" of the Kentucky stables; the former is now regarded as one of the best trainers in that State, while no man of his age in the West has a better eye for the points of a horse than the latter. We are glad that Mr. Boswell may now be said to be a fixture on the Turf; his young trainer, Davis, has thus far been unusually successful. Mr. B. has sold more fine horses to Louisiana than all the breeders of Kentucky combined.

The "Picayune," of the 22d ult., informs us that-

Mr. J. S. Garrison is here laboring diligently, and making every preparation to have both the Metarie and Louisiana in better condition than they have ever been, and we will vouch for him that all shall have a hearty welcome, a fair field, and no favor. The match between Torchlight and George Martin, for \$2000, Mile heats, will come off on the 16th of March, over the Louisiana.

There are enough willing to bet a small pile that if Torchlight is beaten, the time will be under 1:47, provided the course is dry.

JUDGE PORTER'S HARKFORWARD.*

From a Louisiana Correspondent.

You are desirous, I presume, to know sometting of your namesake's (Judge PORTER'S) Harkforward, own brother to the renowned Harkaway. I had the pleasure of seeing him a short time since, and can assure you he is every thing you can imagine in the way of perfection, but not every thing you could desire, for he is not yet quite well; he is, however, nearly so, and I trust will entirely rocover. He is cured of all his wounds, and the inflammation and swelling in his legs are all removed, except a tumour on the pastern joint of the off hind leg. When I consider the injuries he received on his passage out, and the state he was in on his arrival here, it appears to me a miracle that he survives. Had he not the constitution of a buffalo and an alligator combined, the bad treatment must have killed him. His growth, as you may imagine, has been stunted, but though now only 19 months old, he is 15 hands two inches high, and when I passed from his stable into the adjoining one, where Judge Porter has two large and very fine colts of the same age, the impression produced on me is that I have frequently experienced in stepping from a steamboat at the leeve which had an engine of 100 horse power, and going on board one of a 20 horse power. There is no exaggeration in this comparison. Changing the color, he would appear to have stood for the painting of his brother Harkaway, in your office. Mc-GRAW, the groom who came out with him, says he was considered in Ireland as a fac simile of him, or, in his language, as like him as two peas.

I have measured Harkforward, and the following admeasurements, taken from an old volume of the Turf Register, and placed beside his, will give some notion of his outlines, though none of his bloodlike appearance and finish, which

are magnificent :

are magnineers.	Age.	Height.	it. Girth.		Round arm.		Round hock.	
Sir Solomon	24	611 in.		69½ in.		21 in.		16 in.
Am. Eclipse	9	61		74		211		167
Henry Tonson	. 10	63		73		$23\frac{1}{2}$		171
Leviathan	agd	64		72		22		164
Harkforward	21 mon's	62		71		19		164

Just think of that for a yearling! I have only further room to wish you health, wealth, and every thing else you are in search of. Ever yours, K.

* Harkforward was imported by the Hon. A. PORTER, of Oak Lawn, near Franklin, La., in the Spring of 1841.

Stakes up for the Union Course, L. I.—We are desired to call attention to the fact that most of the stakes open for the ensuing Spring Meeting will close on the 1st of March.

We would also apprise gentlemen at a distance that the annual subscription to the Jockey Club has been reduced to \$10. The price of Strangers' Tickets, which will admit a gentleman to all the privileges of the Course, during both the Spring and Fall meetings, has also been fixed at \$10. We conceive the Club subscription to be as much too low as that of Strangers is too high. Whoever heard before of taxing strangers after this fashion, to keep up the Sports of the Turf? In most other cities Strangers, instead of being taxed, are invited to attend the races and are considered as guests of the Club. No doubt great numbers of gentlemen will be attracted here in May, to witness the Boston and Fashion match, and though they may submit to the charge of \$10 for a "Strangers' Ticket," yet the fact will not be likely to "set" the N. Y. Jockey Club "forward any" in the opinion of turfmen of other States. The privilege of attending the Fall meeting also, for the \$10 paid to see the match, will be no privilege at all to nine-tenths of those Strangers present. In view of all the circumstances of the case, we hope the new proprietors of the Union Course will see the propriety of reducing the price of Strangers Tickets at least one half. Make the subscription to the Club what you please-twenty or fifty dollars, but don't impose a tax on Strangers to keep up sport for our citizens.

MR. LAIRD'S STABLE.—A friend from New Jersey, who lately visited Mr. Laird's stable at Colt's Neck, Moomouth County, brings us a highly favorable report of the cracks there congregated. The string is now galloping; the season thus far, having been unusually propitious for training at the North. Not unfrequently, owing to the backwardness of the season, as it is termed, our training courses have been covered with ice or snow, to such an extent as to

render it quite unsafe, if not impossible to exercise upon them.

Mr. Laird has seven a going. Mr. Gibbons' Fushion and Mariner are supported, as four mile horses, by Mr. Longstreet's Clarion, a most formidable corps du reserve, when he is in condition. If his game leg should not fail him, there are very few horses in the country that can out-foot or out-last him. His play is four mile heats, and we look upon him as one of the best race horses ever bred at the North. Fashion is moving finely; since her extraordinary race at Camden, beating John Blount and Boston, she has filled out surprisingly, and her form presents the appearance of a matured campaigner. Mariner, also, is in great force; we wish Mr. Laird would try the experiment of giving him short sharp work instead of the usual protracted and exhausting gallops; get "plenty of length" into him, if you please, but give him fast work enough to put him on his foot. After the three tried good ones, comes Mr. Livingston's superb Trustee colt Moustache, out of Miss Walton, the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, Zela, and others. [Mr. L.'s Columbia is not in training this season.] Mr. HAMIL-Ton's Tempest (out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles, and the dam of Fordham,) is another promising son of Imp. Trustee. To these two, is to be added a fine Mingo colt of Mr. Kelly's, and a dark colt of "Sammy's" that is moving, as KENDALL would say, "like a bird."

Altogether Laird's string is stronger than any one that has been out at the North since Mr. John C. Stevens was in force with Black Maria, Medoc, O'Kelly, Niagara, and Robin Hood. What a corps of Cavalry was that, and how frequently did its triumphant success remind one of the irresistible charge of Kellermann's "heavy horse" at Marengo? We hope ere long to see the same high spirited gentleman again in his place at the head of the Northern Turf, and we have well founded reasons for the belief that the day is not distant when we shall see him, with a strong corps, "charging the line" of "Mason and Dixon," and "carrying the war into Africa!" The enthusiasm with which his return to the scene of his former triumphs would be hailed, would be akin to that manifested when the lamented Purdy "cast his skin" and putting on his jockey cap and jacket, mounted Eclipse for his memorable second heat! With Mr. S. evens once more in the field, we shall not only be able to "hold our own," but while we battle valiantly with our gallant Southern

rivals, we can get up a grand National Match with England.

Charles Lloyd, so well known as the trainer for Joseph H. Van Mater, Esq. has opened a public stable at Holmdel, N. J., near Mr. Laird's. He has now in exercise four of Maj. Jones' string from Long Island, including Treasurer, Truxton, and Young Dove. The first named is a remarkably fine horse; \$10,000 was demanded for him after his race with Andrewetta, whom he beat at three mile heats on the Union Course, L. I. in 5.42. In the same year—1840—in his four yr. old form, he beat Mariner and Lady Canton at Trenton, in 3:47—3:45½, at two mile heats, and at Washington, beat at three mile heats, Tippecanoe and three others in 5:54½—5:47½. Truxton and the grey filly Young Dove, are "no common doings;" the latter is by Imp. Trustee out of the dam of Treasurer and Zenobia, and promises to be a slashing performer next season. Lloyd has several others "up," we hear, including a brother to Hornblower. Some of our Jersey friends are very "nutty" on two "dark" colts in Lloyd's stable, but what their pedigrees are or to whom they belong, is a profound secret to the writer hereof.

Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Canada, the purchaser last season of Prospect, Stanhope, etc. of the New Jersey breeders, has lately bought Mr. B. B. Smock's br. m. Alwilda, by Monmouth Eclipse dam by John Richards, 6 yrs. (in May.) and others for the Canada market, including, as we learn, several clever thorough bred mares.

Another "Crack" Defeated!—At the late Pineville (South Carolina) Races Col. Singleton's fine mare Helen, by Imp. Priam, out of Malibran by Rubens, 5 yrs., was beaten, on the 2d ult., by Major Sinkler's Kate Converse, 4 yrs, a daughter of Imp Nonplus, out of Daisy, the dam of Col. Hampton's Santa Anna. After a three mile heat in 5:55, Helen was drawn.

Boston vs. Fashion.—We are authorized to bet a very fine mare and foal, against her worth in money or blood stock—also 2000 acres of rich land in a Western State—also a whole handfull of Arkansas money of all sorts, and the credit of a gentleman worth \$40,000 " as far as it will go," that Boston beats Fashion!! Who speaks for Fashion?

Wagner, it appears to be settled, is to be withdrawn from the Turf, Mr. CAMPBELL preferring the assurance of 100 mares at \$100 each, to the chance of his earning that sum in stakes and purses. The New Orleans "Crescent City" furnishes the annexed item:—

We unJerstand the veteran Wagner will not be trained this spring, but be immediately sent to Gallatin, Tennessee, where he will make a season. It is probably the best location that could be procured for him in the Union, as he will have an opportunity of being visited by a choice selection of fleet Leviathan mares, who are owned in that section of the country. From his undisputed game and powers of endurance, united with the acknowledged fleetness of the Leviathans, will spring a race able to contend (successfully too, we should think) with the produce of any of the 'terribly high bred cattle' we are at present cognizant of.

P.S. Since penning the above we have received a letter from Col. Watson, informing us that Wagner will stand at Gallatin, Tenn., at the stable of Major George Wylle, at \$100. Alterf, we are also apprised, will make his next season in the neighborhood of Bowling Green, Ky., at the farm of Mr. Miles Kelly, at \$40 and \$60.

Reel and Torchlight—"plenty more where they came from!" A friend who has lately visited the late Mr. Jackson's breeding stud at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., writes us that there are 15 or 20 lots—yearlings and 2 yr. olds—by Glencoe, out of Mr. J.'s best mares, that will be disposed of at fair prices, by his executors. A young turfman wishing to add to his string, could not do better than visit this celebrated stud.

The Peyton Stake.—We hear from Alabama that the Glencoe colt out of imported Eliza (Ruby's dam) by Rubens, is likely to come out a flyer. This colt, with the one by Imp. Hedgford out of Rattlesnake, and Col. Hampton's Plenipo out of Delphine, or his Andrew filly out of Wagner's dam, we should be happy to name vs. the field, for a basket of champagne. Don't all speak at once.

How to Ascertain the Age of a Horse.—"An esteemed correspondent" of some journal unknown to the writer hereof, requested the editor of the same to publish directions for discovering the age of horses. The following were returned:—

In purchasing a horse, not the least important matter is to be able to tell his age. In transfers of ordinary farm and saddle horses, great impositions are often practised upon the credulous and uninitiated purchaser. To prevent this, to as great an extent as possible for the future, is the object of this communication to the public. The most certain means of ascertaining the age of a horse is to examine the changes which take place with the teeth. The twelve front teeth begin to shoot in about two weeks after the colt is foaled. These are called colt teeth, and are shed at different periods, and replaced by others. When the colt is about two years and a half old, the four middle ones come out; in about another year, four others are lost—and in another year, or when the horse is four and a half years old, the four last are shed. These last are replaced by what are called corner teeth. They are hollow, and have a black mark in their cavity.

They are scarcely visible, and the cavity deep, when the horse is four and a half years old; they begin to fill when he is six and a half, and the mark continually diminishes and contracts till the horse is seven or eight years old, when the cavity fills up and the black mark is obliterated. The horse acquires his canine teeth or tushes about his fifth year. The two in the lower jaw begin to appear when he is between three and four years old, and those in the upper jaw five or six months after. They continue very shar pointed till six. At ten, the upper seem blunted, worn out and long, the gum leaving them gradually; the barer they are the older the horse .- From ten to fourteen, it is difficult to tell the horse's age—it is sufficient to know that he is old, and under the hard treatment which is given to horses generally, the conclusion will be a safe one that he is worth but little.

J. B. RICHARDSON, Esq., of York, Illinois, claims the following names for his

young things :-

That of Scimitar for a br. c. foaled 3d March, 1841, by The Sleeper, out of Fairie Queen by Gascoigne. Also that of Coriander for a b. f. foaled 22d May, 1841, by Maximus, out of Zuma by Zilcaadi. Also that of Equator for a ch. ro. c. foaled 21st March, 1841, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Zuela by Zilcaadi. Also that of Amelia Groverman for a br. f. foaled 21st May, 1839, by Bluster (by Havoc), out of Queen by Cooper's Messenger.

THE SLEEPER, a gr. n , bred in 1836, was got by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Schamp's Grand Seignor, grandam by Olympus, g. g. dam by Bonaparte (by Imp. Highflyer), g. g. g. dam by Olympus, g. g. g. dam by Claudius (by

Imp. Janus). g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnought.
For pedigree of GRAND SEIGNOR, see Turf Register, vol. xi. p. 47.

OLYMPUS was got by Imp. Diomed, dam by Symmes' Wildair, grandam by

Imp. Fearnought-Starling-Morton's Traveller-Imp. mare.

BONAPARTE, a bl. h., was got by Imp. Highflyer. He was brought from Virginia by Maj. Dillard, and sold to Col. Mitchell and Maj. White, of Warren Co., Ky., about the year 1805, for \$1000.

Cooper's MESSENGER, a gr. h., was bred about the year 1803, in Montgomery Co., Pa., and brought to the Wabash in 1818 by Amos Cooper. He was got by Imp. Messenger, dam by Imp. Granby, grandam by Imp. Irish Gray, g. g. dam by Imp. Merry Tom, g. g. g. dam by Imp. English Ball.

Produce of Bonnets-o'-Blue, by Sir Charles out of Reality. - At the request of a correspondent we supply the produce of this superb brood mare, now at the head of the stud of WM. GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, Morris Co., N. J. (Bounets was injured in Jan., 1833, and shortly after put to Star.)

1834. Missed to Star by Virginian. 1835. Missed to Eclipse by Duroc.

1836. 10th of April, Mariner, by Shark by Eclipse. 1837. 26th of April, Fashion, by Trustee by Catton.

1838. Missed to Milo by Monsieur Tonson.

1839. 24th February, Echo, by Trustee by Catton. (Echo is dead.)

1840. 26th March, Yamacraw, by Shark by Eclipse. 1841. 16th March, Edith, by Shadow by Eclipse Lightfoot.

Bonnets is in foal to Shadow, and will be stinted to him this season.